

Week ending November 20 1954

Every Wednesday Fourpence

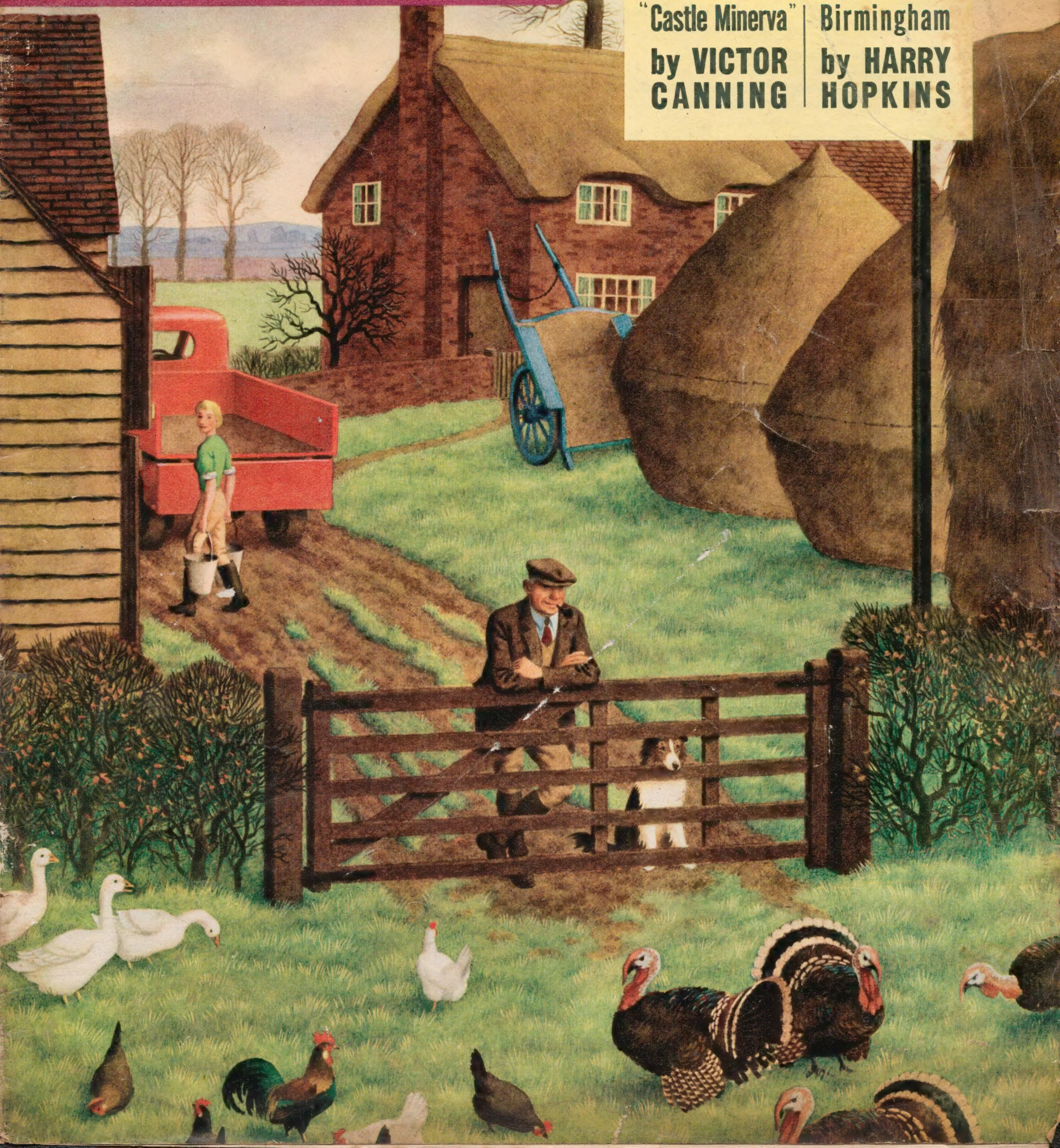
JOHN BULL

Ronnie Noble, TV newsreel cameraman,
recounts his world-wide adventures

SHOOT FIRST!

"Castle Minerva"
by VICTOR
CANNING

Birmingham
by HARRY
HOPKINS



PORAGE or PORRIDGE ?

What's the difference? Spell it either way; it means a fine hot breakfast. But there is a difference. There's something extra special about PORAGE (spelt like this on every Scott's pack) because Scott's Porage is made from genuine Scottish oats* the real stuff — milled only by Scott's in Scotland.



IS SCOTT'S EXPENSIVE? NO.

It's less than a penny a plateful—only 11½d. for a 1 lb. pack, 1/9½d. for a 2 lb pack.

IS SCOTT'S QUICK? YES.

Cooks while the kettle boils; so quick, so simple, and gives you a really creamy plateful.

*Sir James Scott Watson, now chief Scientific Advisor, Ministry of Agriculture, writes of "the acknowledged superiority of Scotch oats" which "seem to have a higher proportion of oil and protein".

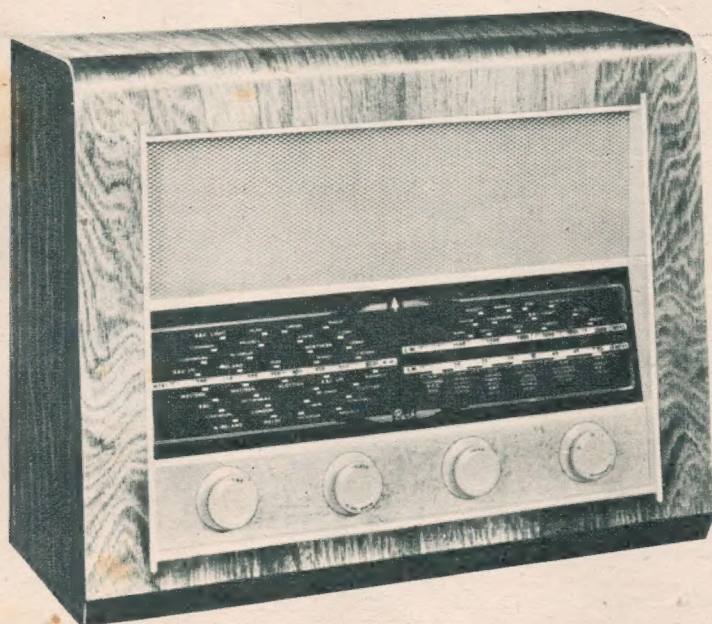
(Extract from Watson & Moore: Agriculture—Science and Practice of British Farming, Oliver & Boyd, Ltd.)

Scott's

—THE REAL STUFF



Uncommonly good examples of commonsense **VALUE**



These three Bush radio sets are typical examples of Bush value. The AC.34 table model (illustrated left) has a distinguished air and is an equally distinguished performer! One look at it gives the impression that here is quality and you've only to switch on to realise that this is a set that will prove a splendid source of entertainment. It has built-in aerials which make the receiver self-contained, although external aerials may be fitted if even greater range is required. Here is value backed by that reliability for which Bush is famous. **£26 (TAX PAID)**



DAC. 90A

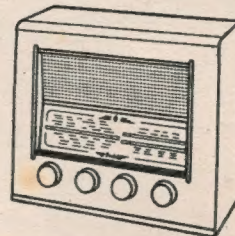
Here, of course, is the Bush DAC.90A—the best known radio set in the country. Bush have supplied close upon 1 million. A self-contained mains portable with a very long pedigree. Cabinet in brown figured plastic.

£16 (TAX PAID)
Cream plastic cabinet £17

AC.41

In the AC.41 is another Bush table set that has been getting full marks for value from many a Bush enthusiast. Like the AC.34 it has three wavebands for distant reception, though in a more compact cabinet size.

£21.10 (TAX PAID)



SAY **BUSH** —IT SOUNDS BETTER

EDITORIAL

Feet first

GILLEAN ENGLAND is an eleven-year-old schoolgirl who has straight toes. That may not seem remarkable; but, as anyone who looks at the feet of several children will see, very few have toes which grow straight.

This is because they have been encased in shoes which squeeze their toes together. Children's bones are soft, and toes soon grow crooked. Later in life, bunions appear, which usually grow worse as time goes by.

The ultimate result is that 214,000 new patients a year attend general hospitals complaining of painful feet. Every year 100,000 attend foot hospitals, and 150,000 more attend London County Council foot clinics. Nobody knows how many suffer at home.

Out of 8,247 citizens of Luton who were questioned in 1952 by a surveying team of doctors, 3,049—thirty-seven per cent—complained that they suffered from pains in their feet.



GILLEAN ENGLAND
The schoolgirl with . . .

BUT Gillean's feet are straight and painless because her father is Mr. M. D. England, senior lecturer of the London Foot Hospital. He has kept her in sandals or bare-footed since she was born. When she was a bridesmaid recently he had special silver sandals made rather than allow her to wear the pointed shoes provided.

He says: "One sentence which need never be heard is, 'My feet are killing me.' It's as if a woman with a tight hat kept saying, 'My head is killing me,' yet continued to wear a tight hat every day."

Like most medical men, he largely blames shoes for the pain, deformity and crippling from which so many people suffer. "Shoes, both for children and adults, should allow the toes plenty of room, be longer than the foot and hold the foot back in the heel of the shoe."



. . . straight toes

THE shoe trade says there is no demand for the footwear advocated by Mr. England. A leading shoe-maker says: "It's no good expecting makers to design shoes for health; they design them as fashionable accessories."

Such an attitude in a matter of health is disconcerting, to say the least. As has been urged in the House of Commons, the Minister of Health should award a seal of approval to children's shoes which are safe and sane.

And the makers of adults' shoes might be surprised at their success if they marketed footwear that was unharmed yet good-looking. We are not all fashion's fools.

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Why OVALTINE is the World's most popular Food Beverage



THE outstanding quality and value of 'Ovaltine' have won widespread preference for this delicious food beverage, which is prepared from Nature's best foods and fortified with extra vitamins. You can buy it at such a low price only because of world-wide demand and exceptional manufacturing resources. There is every reason why you should choose 'Ovaltine' for your family this winter.

THE WORLD'S BEST NIGHTCAP

A bedtime cup of 'Ovaltine' helps to promote natural, refreshing sleep. While you sleep, it assists in restoring strength and vitality.



FOR YOUR CHILDREN

Active, growing children must have enough energy-giving food. Delicious 'Ovaltine' supplements the diet with concentrated nourishment.



WHEN ENERGY FLAGS

See that extra demands on your physical and nervous vitality are met with extra nourishment. An occasional cup of 'Ovaltine' will assist in building up your reserves of energy.



IN WET OR CHILLY WEATHER

'Ovaltine' helps to strengthen resistance against colds and chills. So, be sure you make 'Ovaltine' the regular daily beverage for every member of your family.



It pays to
buy the
BEST!



DIFFERENT...

for her, AERO—the milk
chocolate that's
different!



BY ROWNTREES

For a new experience in delightful full-cream milk chocolate that melts in your mouth in a moment.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

NOV. 20 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2525 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

The client was impressed

MY husband runs a small export firm, and we have always lived at a "good" address in an expensive neighbourhood because he has to do a lot of entertaining. "It's prestige," he'd say. "It impresses the clients."

And so our home was usually a small flat, at an enormous rent. Rarely was I able to cook a dinner—you can't in a kitchen the size of a cupboard. We took our guests to restaurants.

Finally, as we lacked the capital to buy, I insisted that we rent a house in a part of the town that makes our friends raise their eyebrows. It's a real home, though, with space for comfortable furniture, and a large kitchen. My husband was not happy about it. "Clients will think I'm on the rocks," he said.

Reluctantly, he invited our first guest, who ate an enormous dinner and leaned back contentedly. "Good to relax in a bit of homely comfort," he said, looking round. "That was the best meal you've ever given me—restaurant food doesn't compare with home cooking."

For the record, that meal cost my housekeeping 25s. The last time we had entertained him, the bill was over £10.—MRS. J. FORD, Leeds.

Done Down Under

OVER here in New Zealand, we not only have the telephone numbers of doctors, hospitals and ambulance services listed separately on the front pages of the telephone directories, but also those of the police, fire brigades and government departments. This makes for quick reference in emergency. We seem to be

NEXT WEEK

John Bull's 8-page PARTY GAMES SUPPLEMENT

see page 27

And the beginning of A GRIPPING NEW NOVEL

see page 22

ahead of you with our ideas on this side of the world.—MRS. I. TURNER, Greenhithe, Auckland, New Zealand.

The G.P.O. says that this idea is not practical in Britain—ambulance, fire and police services come under those headings in British directories. In emergencies, there is the 999 service—New Zealand has no 999 service.

Robots In Office

AS the assistant manager of an organization and methods department, I was very interested in the letter "Will Women Get The Office Jobs?" ("Free Speech," October 23).

I agree that we are on the eve of

a white-collar revolution, and the cause is the development of electronic computers. In my opinion, the case of the graduate is irrelevant. The reason why he cannot find a clerical post at a salary of more than £350 a year is surely because, as a "new boy," his services are not worth more until his theoretical training has been supplemented by practical experience.

As computers become available for the average office, three types of office worker will be necessary: electronic engineers to maintain the machines; skilled staff to feed the machines and experts to prepare the work programmes.

I cannot agree, therefore, that our offices will in the future be staffed exclusively by women.—R. S. WRAGG, Riverdale Road, Beeston, Nottingham.

One For The Road

HIKING through Kent, I came across a cattle trough in the village of Kemsing, filled with flowers in



bloom instead of with water for the horses—a pleasing sight and a credit to the villagers.—V. ABBOTT, Welling.

The Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, which has installed troughs in all parts of the world, approves of this practice in certain cases. The Kemsing trough, shown in the photograph, was suitable because animals no longer require it. In London, on the other hand, there are about 150 water-filled troughs in regular use.

Wash And Brush-Off

LUNCHING at a large hotel with a Burmese friend, we went to wash our hands before the meal. Cere- moniously the attendant filled a shining white basin for him.

Full of dignity, my friend waved the man away and produced a small cup from his pocket. This he carefully filled with water from the tap, and then proceeded to wash from it.

"I'm surprised at the way you use public wash basins in this country," he said. "At home we never touch them—they're so unhygienic."—R. JONES, Hampstead, London.



My Left Foot

WE have read with interest Christy Brown's fascinating story, "My Left Foot," and Dr. Robert Collis's introduction to it, and would like to clarify one or two points.

First, Mrs. Collis does not work at the Middlesex Hospital. Her hospital, Queen Mary's Hospital for Children, at Carshalton, does not provide for adults; it was for this reason that Christy was seen at the Middlesex Hospital, at the invitation of Dr. Dunham, who was then working there.

Neither we nor anyone who has studied the infantile cerebral palsies would claim that these are, in the usual sense of the word, "curable."

But the kind from which Christy Brown is suffering can effectively be

Continued on page 6

A woman never feels depressed

When Osram shows her at her best!



Osram

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

A **S&C** Product
The General Electric Co. Ltd. Also manufacturers of the famous Osram fluorescent tubes

**Sore,
ticklish
throat?**

**"Not for me,"
says
Anne Shelton**



Millions listen to the magic of Anne Shelton's voice. No wonder she takes good care of it! How does she protect it? With MAC Throat Sweets.

ANNE SHELTON looks after her lovely voice as many other famous stars do. She takes MAC Throat Sweets—to keep her throat free from infection. She takes them at the first warning signs. Or daily, as a wise and pleasant safeguard.

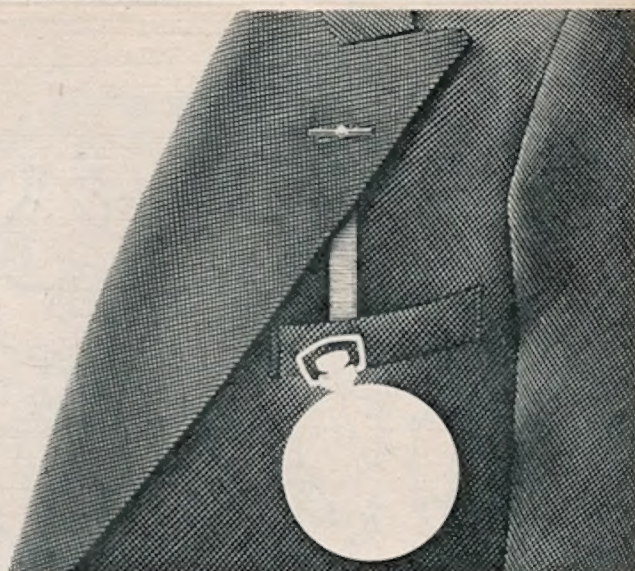
If you suffer from a sore throat, cough or catarrh, get a packet of these potent, palatable sweets. Get MAC Throat Sweets. They are so safe that children, too, can take them freely.

The medical reasons why MACs work
MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

MACs lubricate the throat and freshen the mouth because they contain camphor, pure sugar and tincture of Tolu.

MACs help to reduce swelling and irritation of the passages where catarrh lurks, because they contain Menthol: you inhale it as the sweet dissolves.

Don't have a throat—have a MAC
MAC BRAND ANTISEPTIC THROAT SWEETS
1/6 A PACKET

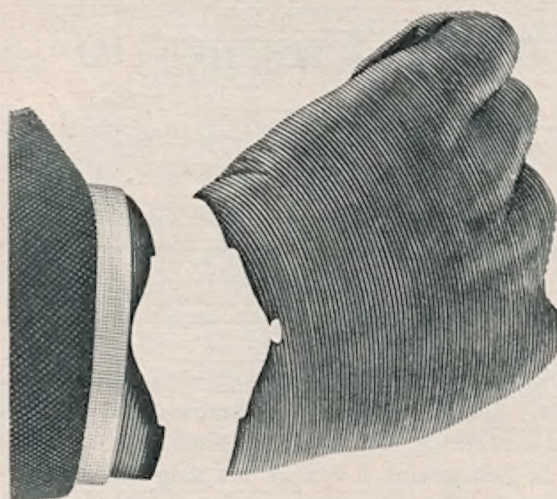


**Someone's pocket
is waiting for an**

INGERSOLL

This is the forty-ninth Ingersoll Christmas—when thousands of pockets and wrists will welcome a brand-new Ingersoll watch. For that certain pocket you have in mind there are sturdy Ingersoll watches from 23 9. And for that special wrist there are Ingersoll men's watches from 42/6; ladies' from 85/- —all jewelled for accuracy and long life. Backed by the famous Ingersoll all-in free-service guarantee (mainspring included) there are over 100 models from 23/9 to £10.

Choose one at your Jewellers.



**... and
someone's
wrist,
too**

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**And NOW a
RONSON
ELECTRIC SHAVER**

★ Gives closest shave ever
★ Tremendous cutting power
★ Self-sharpening cutter
★ Built to last—it's a RONSON
A/C only 100/125 V. 200/250 V.
Price £8.17.6
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payable by 8 equal monthly payments of
20/6. Money returned if not satisfied.
Over 250 Branches throughout Gt. Britain. P76/1





We policemen, farmers
and other round-the-clock
workers need the warm kitchen,
the cooking and hot water at
all hours, the easy drying
and airing of clothes which
only the coal stove gives us.
And we haven't money to
burn either. *Have you?*

WE ALL LOVE AN OPEN FIRE. It's so cheerful, so comforting, such good company. And there is no cheaper way of keeping your home warm and your water hot all the time than coal in one form or another; and what is more friendly than a warm and cosy kitchen! But you really ought to find out about some of the *new* appliances which burn coal and all the *smokeless* solid fuels such as coke and anthracite. They are tremendous labour savers and money savers. Modern in design and in efficiency. You will get the best selection, the best advice and the best service, if you go to a shop which shows the Coal Utilisation Council's yellow sign (see below). They are the experts. And so many things can be bought on hire-purchase now, that there is no reason why you should not bring your home up to date right away. Economise with coal.

COAL
the cheerful saver of money

ISSUED BY THE COAL UTILISATION COUNCIL, 3 UPPER BELGRAVE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

overcome. In cerebral palsies, it is not the limbs that are defective but the apparatus of the brain which works those limbs and, indeed, the whole body.

Christy Brown is fortunate in that he has the intelligence to learn, with help, to use his deficient apparatus in the best possible way—he is not mentally defective. Achievement is a mental function, and the child who is mentally limited, even if he has not got cerebral palsy, fails in achievement.

But those children with cerebral palsies who are mentally limited, like those who are not, need help if they are to attain their maximum possibilities.

Though Mrs. Collis worked with cerebral palsy for a time in America, she did not bring back "a method of treatment." The right treatment for each child is dictated by the brain function he has, and must be based on a study of this.—EIRENE COLLIS and WILLIAM DUNHAM, London.

Ballad Behind Bars

NORMAN PHILLIPS writes that when Flora Robson wants to bring on tears, she thinks of the unhappy love story on which the ballad "Loch Lomond" is based (JOHN BULL, October 23).

What is Miss Robson's version of this story?—MRS. P. B. WILLIAMS, Mersey Road, Worcester.

It was believed that when a Scot died in a foreign land, his spirit returned home by "the low road." After the 1745 rising, the Scottish army had to leave their wounded in Carlisle, where the English flung them into gaol. One of the dying Highlanders had marched south with his true love, and through the bars of his prison he saw her waiting for him. He urged her to go home without him, for he knew that her vigil was in vain.

Clean Sweep

A HOUSEHOLDER in Belgium is often obliged, by local laws, to keep the pavement in front of his house clean. For this purpose, many houses



have a water tap fitted to the façade, and it is a common sight to see housewives scrubbing and sweeping the pavements.

The result is pavements that are much cleaner than in Britain. I wonder if the idea could be adopted over here?—G. CAMERON, Skipton Road, Harrogate, Yorks.

The Ministry of Housing says that until 1936 local councils in Britain

had power to pass by-laws to make householders clean their frontages. The arrangement did not work and the power was withdrawn. Some councils can still enforce the clearing of snow, but this authority is rarely used.

Preview

THE smallest window in Hull looks out on to the Land of Green Ginger from the walls of the George Hotel. It was put there so that the ostlers



of coaching days could inspect new arrivals before opening the yard gates to them.

The window measures nine inches by three-quarters of an inch.—MISS C. ATKINSON, Garstead Lane, Bilton, Hull.

Our photographs show the window from the outside and the inside.

Marooned

I ENJOYED the article "Mr. Britain" of New Orleans" (JOHN BULL, October 16). Under the Merchant Shipping Acts, a British seaman injured in the course of his duties does not have to pay for medical attention out of his wages—hospital charges in a city like New Orleans can be very high.

These expenses and the cost of his passage home are charged to his ship's owners. Also, since the early years of the war, British shipowners have operated a voluntary scheme for paying a seaman who falls sick abroad full wages until he is fit, up to a maximum of twelve weeks.—CYRIL F. BEARD, Mitcham, Surrey.

Life With Father

MY father was arguing with my brother on the vexed subject of the older versus the younger generation.

A reference to the juvenile delinquency figures was countered by an attack on the prudery of Victorian parents. Finally my father became exasperated and finished the argument with: "You can say what you like—but I know that my parents were a darned sight better than yours!"—P. A. CHALLIS, Walsall, Staffs.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

THIS WEEK'S COVER

RONALD LAMPITT takes an artistic liberty with his turkeys roaming the field. In fact, most are bred in huts and pens, though they were running wild when the first settlers found them in America. Shipped home to become the newest of the domesticated birds, they got the wrong name, for they were popularly supposed to come from Turkey. That was just the first of the insults. Later, the Turkey Trot, an early swing dance, imitated their gait, and the phrase "talking turkey" mocked their vigorous gobbling. The final insult comes after months of denunciation as the most stupid of birds. They are sacrificed—and their forty-six quills go for darts.



For Christmas



50
for
8'11½

STATE EXPRESS
'THREE THREES'
CIGARETTES

Always first class quality



**Any knowing nose
knows the answer**

Even the nicest households are often bothered with the problem of nasty stale smells. You know how they linger in the air—smells like frying fish, cooking cabbage, pets, laundry, and stale tobacco fag. You may get used to them, but friends always notice.

To get rid of these smells use Air-wick. Air-wick contains more than 125 natural compounds and chlorophyll. Singly and together these act as "odour-pairers."** When you pull up the wick in the Air-wick bottle, the "odour-pairers" escape into the air, where they meet and "pair" with nasty smells and kill them dead.

Air-wick is not a disinfectant. It doesn't just cover up one nasty smell with another. Air-wick *destroys* smells. It costs 3/6 a bottle and is worth every penny. Don't accept cheap imitations; remember, Air-wick contains chlorophyll. You can buy Air-wick from chemists, grocers, ironmongers, and household stores.

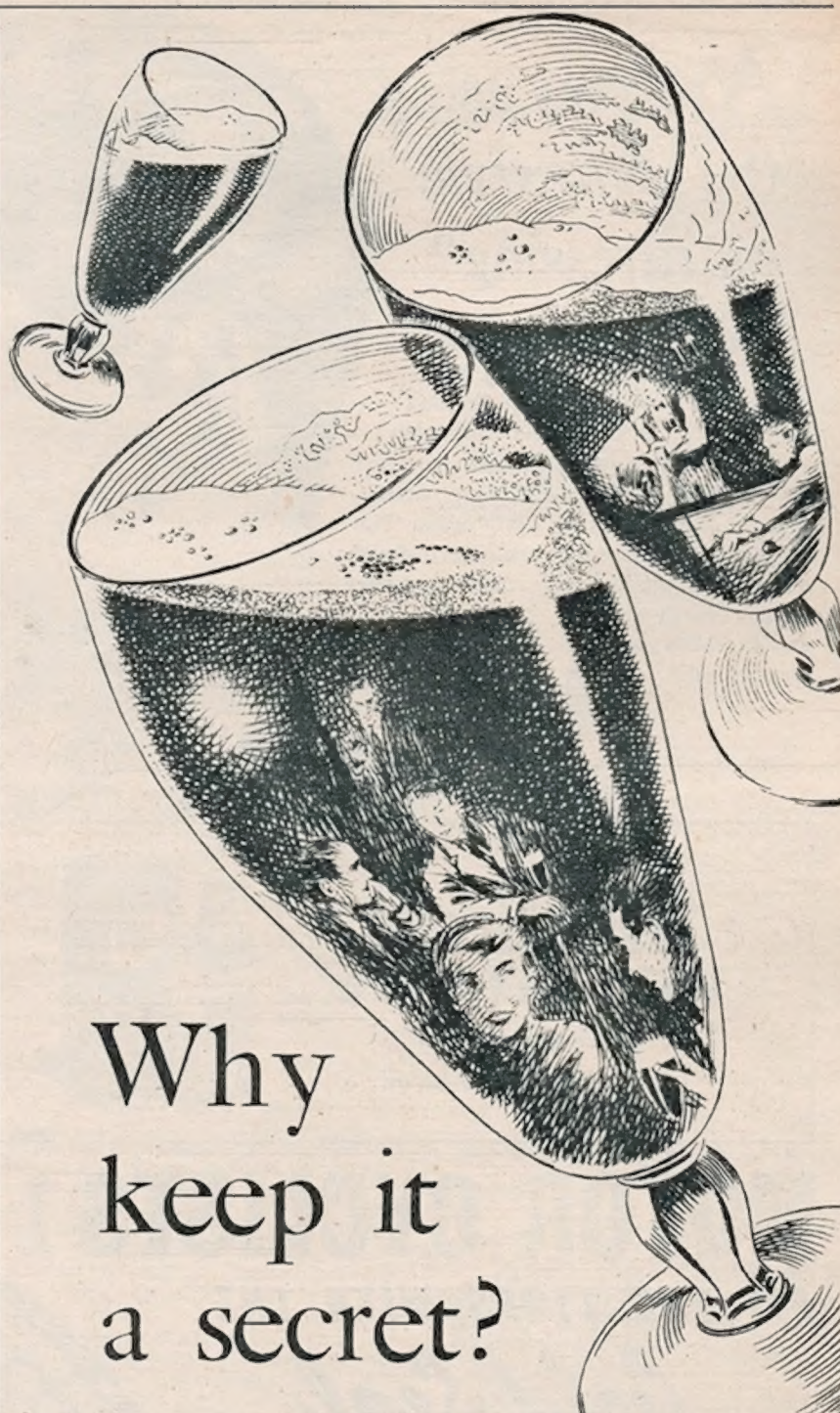


Air-wick kills even the nastiest smells—it doesn't just cover up one smell with another

* Principle of odour-pairs first established by Zwaardemaker in 1895

Air-wick KILLS SMELLS

The makers of Air-wick are specialists in all forms of industrial and domestic odour-control



Why keep it a secret?

Discovering something new and wonderful, something satisfying and quite unique, is certainly not a matter for secrecy. A great many fortunate people are doing it every day.

How?

By drinking their first glass of Mackeson's! Here, indeed, is a discovery worth making. Mackeson's adds a new dimension to your pleasure. It's a rich, *strong* stout—a *friendly* stout with a cheering glow and a special flavour that's soft and warm and infinitely inviting. And it has a superb *smoothness* all its own—the unique Mackeson's smoothness that has made it famous.

Just *taste* it . . .

MACKESON'S!

So strong—so smooth

ON SALE THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Are you using the *right style* hairdressing?

Not a cream, not merely an oil, but a *lotion*—with just enough oil to groom your hair perfectly, *naturally* all day long. Silvikrin! Hair Dressing is certainly the right style dressing for smart men today—and it contains *Pure Silvikrin*, the hair's natural food, to safeguard your hair's health. Use Silvikrin Hair Dressing every morning—feel its invigorating tingle on your scalp—and start the day smartly with the dressing that's *good* for your hair!



Silvikrin HAIR DRESSING

(A Lotion with Oil)

2/6 a bottle—large economy size 4/4



MOTOR CYCLISTS!

FIT THE TYRES WITH THE

Gold Seal

GREATEST SERVICE
GREATEST STRENGTH
GREATEST SAVING
GREATEST SAFETY



DUNLOP FORT

UNIVERSAL

RIBBED

Tested, proved and praised by motorists everywhere, Dunlop tyres with the Gold Seal are now available to motor cyclists! Stronger and more flexible casings for extra life and riding comfort, specially reinforced tread rubber to give miles more miles and rubber liners to guard against casing damage, the tyres with the Gold Seal—Dunlop Fort, Universal and Ribbed—are indeed the finest for everyday riding.

DUNLOP

FIRST CHOICE

OF THE EXPERIENCED RIDER

Every dog wants
WINALOT every day*



* Every day

because Winalot contains:—

CARBOHYDRATES for energy

PROTEIN for repair of tissues

MINERALS for bone and teeth

VITAMINS essential for
all round fitness.

See your dog gets a daily meal
of appetising Winalot—

it is wonderfully nourishing
and so easily digested.

Dogs just love it!

Tails wag-a-lot for

SPILLERS WINALOT

Available in sealed packets and cartons

For his other meal of the day give him **SPILLERS SHAPES**

Do you suffer from Exhaustipation?

It HITS MOST OF US at times. We wake up in the morning feeling tired, sour, and headachy. That's Exhaustipation—the tiredness caused by constipation!

The trouble lies in your colon—the last 4 or 5 feet of your 28 feet of intestine. This is like a soft rubber pipe, and it has to carry all the waste from the food you eat.

When this waste slides through smoothly, you feel fine. But sometimes it doesn't. It gets blocked. And then you feel heavy, sour, depressed—till you clear that pipeline.

Nothing better has been found for this job in 4,000 years, than a vegetable extract called podophyllin. Not a habit-forming drug, but a natural herb that works in Nature's way. This precious extract, carefully blended into Carters Little Liver Pills, gets that pipeline working smoothly and sweetly again—and you feel marvellous!

Carters Little Liver Pills cost 1/8d. Take Carters today—and tomorrow the world will be all smiles.

CALLOUSES TENDERNESSE
BURNING AT BALL OF FOOT

Entirely
NEW!
**D'Scholl's Super-Soft
BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION**



Never before anything like it! The amazing new way to end burning pain at ball of foot, callouses, tenderness, "high heel" discomfort. Dr. Scholl's Super-Soft Ball-o-Foot Cushion is made of Latex Foam tailored to fit, gives immediate relief. Loops over the toe—needs no adhesive. Wonderful for all who do much standing or walking. Invisible in wear. Washable. From Chemists, Shoe dealers, Stores and at all Scholl depots. 3/3 per pair, for men and women.

Dr. Scholl's Super-Soft Ball-o-foot Cushion
Prov. Patent Pending No. 30,080/53

A DAY FOR MURDER

by JOHN APPLEBY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

Today, an attempt would be made on the life of the Minister. I didn't know how or when. But my orders were emphatic: this man must not die

I SAT IN MY ROOM one sunny morning last summer wondering yet again what had happened to my request for a transfer. There ought to be no difficulty, because it did not matter where I was posted so long as I left Trieste.

I was tired of the years since the war, tired of this great city torn between two populations, each shouting: *Ours!* While the politicians of the world wrangled and dithered, I had been stuck here for three years. It was more than enough.

When the telephone rang I grabbed at it, because any call might be the one I was waiting for. It was Colonel Spicer. He said, "Captain Buckley? Peter—it looks as though we are going to have trouble today. It may be serious. Get out of uniform and hop over here."

He hung up and I crossed to the open window, unbuttoning my tan shirt. Below in the morning light lay the bustle of the harbour and beyond, on the blue Adriatic, rode the bulk of the visiting cruiser. It all looked peaceful enough. Even the warship had the air of a benevolent watchdog.

Trouble? On days like today, when a political demonstration was allowed, trouble was routine: broken windows and sometimes broken heads.

At the wardrobe I selected my clothes, trying not to shudder. The chocolate-brown suit was a horror; so was the sky-blue shirt without tie; so were the cracked, pointed shoes.

But when I straightened and faced the figure in the long mirror I was reasonably satisfied. In a crowd I could pass as a Triestino corner boy, though a Triestino would not be allowed to carry the small pistol that I slipped into my pocket.

Down the Corso there were only three Yugoslav flags to be seen. The Corso district, like four-fifths of the city, was Italian, and every balcony sprouted flags and bunting of green, white and red. But only the boldest civilians were walking the streets. The rest would stay indoors until the show was over; until the Slovenes, who were massing now in the high town, had paraded and dispersed.

The *bobbini* were out in strength, swirling along in jeeps or patrolling in threes. Their name, their helmets and navy-blue uniforms came from the London bobbies who had trained them, but their job was likely to be more formidable than moving on a street crowd in the Strand. All around brooded the divided city, waiting and expectant.

As I turned out of the Corso, someone called my name. I swung round in surprise. It was Nancy Holt, trim and blonde in a flowered frock. She regarded me with mild astonishment.

"I was sure I was wrong, Captain, but your walk gave you away. In disguise?"

"Just plain clothes," I corrected shortly.

"Plain?" Her amusement played over me as she took in the colour scheme. And then, aware of my discomfiture, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be rude. If you are going along to Allied

I strolled along through the waiting city, hoping to pass unnoticed. Then someone called my name. I swung round in surprise



Government I wonder whether I might walk with you."

"If you can bear to be seen with this rigout." Nancy Holt was all right. Some day, I did not doubt, she would grow the hard, lacquered outer skin of the woman reporter, but so far she was still human. Nice to dance with, too.

She said: "I heard you are leaving us any day now. It surprised me. I haven't come across anywhere as fascinating as Trieste."

"When everything that happens has happened before," I replied, "it's time to move on."

"Has today happened before? I was up the hill an hour ago. There are thousands and thousands of people, all with bands and flags and posters on sticks. It may be just what they say—a political parade—but it's not much like a march to Trafalgar Square. Do you think it is going to be all right?"

If it had not been for Colonel Spicer's phone call I would have said yes, it was going to be all right. The Slovenes had applied correctly to Military Government for permission to parade, and since it was their turn, permission was granted. British and American troops were confined to quarters until evening. The *bobbini* were

instructed to go easy with the club-swinging.

"You shouldn't have gone up there alone," I said.

"Nobody bothered me. They seem in high spirits. I went into a bar to buy cigarettes and some of them were having a party." Her eyes widened at the thought. "Imagine drinking at ten o'clock in the morning! They were toasting someone they called Gavriilo and slapping his back and roaring with laughter."

"Maybe it was his birthday."

WE walked up the steps of the headquarters building. Nancy showed her press card and was directed to the briefing room. I nodded to the sergeant and took the lift to the third floor.

"Peter." Colonel Spicer stopped pacing and jabbed his ragged cigar in the ashtray. "I say," he said with admiration, "you look remarkably natty."

I sat down hurriedly. "What's the flap about, sir? Mirovic?"

"Correct," he said grimly. "Today's guest speaker, the blue-eyed boy from Belgrade. We've got to look after him."

Josip Mirovic was Minister for Economic

She took my arm. "Why, there's the man I saw this morning—Gavriilo." I began to say she was wrong. Then, everything clicked. I knew that he was out to kill

Affairs in the Yugoslav Government, reputed to be a cousin by marriage of Tito himself and certainly his friend. His presence in Trieste was an honour for the local party and a headache for those of us who were responsible for order.

Spicer went on: "We offered them protection—discreet, of course—and they turned it down. They say they can look after him quite well without us. Besides, nobody is going to try anything."

"And are they?"

He nodded. "Yes. Somebody is. Quite ingenious, really." He lit another cigar. "Look at it Moscow's way—because that's what we must do now and always. They get some stooge to kill Mirovic. Tito makes warlike gestures, Italy screams back and starts to move divisions. At the best, uproar and confusion. At the worst. . . ." He shrugged.

"You've talked to Stefancar?" Stefancar was the local party chief.

"Not personally, but he's been told. He says it can't happen." Spicer looked at his cigar with distaste. "I want you to go along and see them, Peter. Size it up for yourself and stay with them. You've worked with them before and they like you."

I pulled a face. "Not all that much, but I'll try."

He was suddenly bleak, with that remoteness he could put on like a coat. "One murder, and especially this one, could touch off anything at all. It could mean as much as Sarajevo in 1914. Even though you may detest everything Mirovic stands for, *this man must not die*."

I nodded, hiding my resentment. Who did he think I was—a one-man army?

He must have read my thoughts because his face crinkled and he was human again. "I won't say I'm not expecting miracles, because I am. And this may be your last job here, so give your successor something to live up to."

"Is that a promise, sir?"

"A promise—in the army? Don't be silly." But my heart leaped because I knew it was fixed.

In the hall, Nancy Holt was waiting for me. She said: "They've arranged for a balcony in the Piazza dell' Unità, and an interpreter to translate the speeches."

"Then you'll be all right."

"All right!" I suddenly realized she was in a temper. "A story doesn't drop in your lap while you sit on a balcony."

"This one will. Stay up there and you'll see it all."

IHAD to leave her then. My job was urgent. Walking up to the high town, I left the shady boulevards and climbed cobbled roads. Here was the other part of our divided, crowded world. Here in the Slovene quarter the colour scheme was a forest of red and the cafés were packed, chairs jamming the footway and sprawling far into the gutter. The hum of talk was a low growl, utterly unlike the crackling chatter that sparked in the Italian city. It was the difference that not all the United Nations would ever reconcile, the unbridgeable gulf between Slav and Latin.

I had to elbow my way to the door of party headquarters. A guard who wore an armband and swung a stick against his thigh checked me.

Long delay. At length I was escorted up to a room where three men sat drinking coffee. Stefancar got up and held out his hand, beaming fatly. Twenty years ago he must have been a gorilla of a man but now he was all jowls and stomach.

His son Miha remained lounging in his chair. He was broad-shouldered and sinewy, an old photograph of his father. He stared at me coldly and returned to his cup.

The older man said with sardonic emphasis: "So you have come to save us, Captain. The Minister is grateful."

Mirovic. A burly fellow with shaggy hair and



a square chin. His mouth curved in a smile which I recognized as being modelled on that of Tito himself. A large part of his equipment, I judged, was manly good fellowship—so long as no one presumed on it.

His greeting was genial. "When are you going to give us Trieste, Captain?"

"Anyone can have my share tomorrow."

The two older men chuckled. Only Miha scowled into his coffee. His father said, "I would offer you refreshment, but time is short. Unlike the Italians, we are punctilious in this respect."

"You received Colonel's Spicer's message?"

For answer, Stefancar crossed to the window and drew the curtain aside. "Tell me what we have to fear."

The crowd of men who waited silently below were in no sort of formation, but from where I was standing I sensed in them unity and discipline, a power at once restless and under control. These were the strong-arm boys, chosen and trusted, the Praetorian Guard. Just the same—

I turned to the Minister. "It would be an honour if I might accompany you."

The Tito smile again. "Come if you wish, but I'm afraid you won't enjoy it. I shall have some hard things to say about the powers who deny us our right to Trieste."

"Speaking as a capitalist lackey," I said, "I shall try not to be offended."

DOWN in the street the throng parted, leaving a narrow passage for the four of us to a cleared space in the middle. My impression from the window was reinforced. The men around us were big fellows, dour and expressionless, and no enemy was going to break through them.

That would not be necessary. I glanced up at the rooftops, smothered in red bunting. There was no need to worry about a hidden gunman in this part of the town.

We were on the move, shoulder to shoulder but in no kind of step. At the end of the street we merged with the main throng that had been waiting, and surged down the hill. Mirovic marched easily, flanked by the stout Stefancar and his muscular son, with me a pace to the rear. In front of us and behind, flags and banners wavered and nodded.

And now we were in the boulevards and approaching the Piazza; in Italian territory. Without any signal, the step became measured. A band struck up and over it swelled a swinging song from the old partisan days.

As it ended, ten thousand throats chanted in unison: "*Ti-to! Ti-to!*" The impersonal, harsh cry of men schooled to uniformity and obedience.

From windows and balconies came the response: jeers, whistles, hoots, and the pronged gesture of the evil eye—hand jerked forward with first and little fingers projecting. Compared with the discipline of the marchers it was an undignified hullabaloo, but my heart warmed to it. At least it was spontaneous and human, emotion exploding without orders from anyone.

I pulled my attention back to the matter in hand. The roofs? No, not here. A Bisley marksman could not sight his shot among these bobbing heads. A grenade, then? Again, no. A grenade tossed from a roof would kill some of us but not necessarily the right one. If anything was going to happen it would happen in the square, when the target was stationary.

At the approaches to the Piazza, the jeeps of the *bobbini* buzzed irritably, mounting the pavement and scattering groups of youths who yelled defiance at the marchers. The crowd poured into the square like a tide, spreading and covering the white expanse. The bodyguard cleaved a way to a central trestle platform on which stood chairs and a microphone.

Stefancar and half a dozen men of the central committee mounted first, leaving Miha in the throng at the foot of the platform. Then, in a great roar of sound, came Mirovic. He clasped his



I jabbed him with the gun. He turned. There was no mistaking the look in his eye

hands high in acknowledgement and sat down.

Stefancar, as chairman, was in full flight. I edged back from the dais until I was clear of the bodyguard and among the crowd. They were still and attentive, absorbing the stale phrases as though salvation depended on a proper understanding. The loudspeakers boomed and whined in my ears but my mind was elsewhere, busy with problems of range and trajectory.

The direction was anyone's guess, since the platform was in the centre of the square. As for when it would come—a waiting man would surely hold his fire until Mirovic got up to speak. In a gust of despair I asked myself: what the devil does Spicer expect me to do?

A SMALL movement at my shoulder made me turn. Nancy Holt said, "I'm sure you can translate better than the man on the balcony."

"I whispered angrily: 'You've no business to be here.'"

"Don't you think Mirovic is rather handsome in a bear-like way? I couldn't have seen that from the balcony."

I liked the girl; but not now, not now. Every second that passed brought new conviction that the instant Mirovic stood up would be the signal for black disaster. And Stefancar was nearing the end of his peroration, his voice rising in a scream which could culminate in the introduction of the Minister. That shaggy head would rise, clear and exposed. . . .

The girl's voice cut in again, casual and pleasant. "Why, there's the man I saw drinking

this morning. What was his name? Gavril?"

I followed her glance absently. "The one reaching for his cigarettes," she enlarged.

"You must be mistaken. His name is Miha Stefancar. He's the son of—"

I broke off. *Gavril*. If Nancy Holt was right, then earlier that day Miha had called himself Gavril. No, that was not quite it. The men in the café who drank a toast to him and slapped his back *addressed* him as Gavril. For them the name had a special significance, in the manner of a private joke.

I recalled something Spicer said to me. *It could mean as much as Sarajevo*. There in the hot sun the pieces came together with a click I could almost hear. Forty years ago, before I was born, a young man called Gavril Prinzp had murdered the Archduke Ferdinand and touched off World War One. Today the men in the café with Miha had enjoyed their secret jest at the thought of calamity repeating itself.

And I had been wasting my time peering for rooftop snipers.

Stefancar finished speaking and mopped his shining forehead as the applause rolled. I wriggled forward, my right hand on the pistol in my pocket, and jammed the muzzle hard into Miha's back. My other hand went into his left-hand pocket closing over his fingers.

Not cigarettes. Something round and rough and heavy.

He stiffened and his head turned slowly. There was no mistaking the look in his dark eyes. It was the cold gleam of a man who has dedicated

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The Birmingham Civic Centre has a touch of the forlorn about it. On the left are council offices; on the right, the Hall of Memory—the city's war memorial. Away from the Centre, Birmingham is a hustling, bustling boom town, where Depression—with that capital "D"—has never been known

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

BIG CITY OF THE LITTLE MAN

by HARRY HOPKINS

In Birmingham, "chromium-plated village" of the back-street workshop, hearts are gilded and money clinks merrily. Here, men turn dross into gold, and a few pence can buy a diamond ring

JUST WHAT IS IT that adds up to a Birmingham man? What sort of a chap is this famous "Brummie" we hear about? I asked the question of almost everyone I met in Birmingham and nearly always I drew a blank. The answers I did get seemed to confuse rather than clarify. "The Brummie?" said a carpenter in Stirchley. "He's an inarticulate chap . . . a bit shy with strangers and inclined to be suspicious when he sees you're not a fellow Brummie." "A friendly fellow," said a Londoner. "But he can be the worst sort of nouveau riche." "Doesn't know how to enjoy himself," said

a mechanic in Deritend. "Can't enter into the spirit of things like in other places. Never a boxing match that paid its way here yet."

"Well, now, I was in the army during the war," said an engraver I met in the Jewellery Quarter, "and, you know, somehow or other I could always pick out another Brummie."

"How?"

"Well, his accent, of course—but it wasn't only that."

"What then?"

He shook his head, baffled.

Was there perhaps, I wondered, a clue to the conundrum to be found right here in the

Jewellery Quarter itself? Basically, it was just five or six streets of old houses in a once select residential district. Now those old houses hold hundreds of jewellery firms. Their nameplates grow over the doorways like a fungus. "Medallist and Enameller" . . . "Diamond Rings" . . . "Pressings and Piercings."

Weather-stained enamel plates crawl over bay windows and across house fronts. "Manufacturing Jewellers" . . . "Cigarette Cases and Trays." Up narrow passageways, through shed-cluttered yards, down basement steps, the eye follows the signs and the mind begins to reel.

And, all down the street, the big, shiny cars line the kerbs, bonnet to tail, all through the Quarter.

Spencer Street runs at an angle out of Vyse Street, the main stem of the Quarter. At one end there's Johnsons, "Bullion Dealers, Refiners and Sweep Smelters," the last item meaning that they buy the sweepings from the Quarter's floors and benches, recover the gold, and sell it back to the jewellers. (At one time, Birmingham had a profitable corner in this ingenious—and typically Brummagem—process.) Then, at the other end, there's Hortons, manufacturers of cheap costume jewellery, and Shiptons, famed dealers in precious stones. These, and one or two others, have put up their own buildings; but for most of the way down the street, the line of the old house frontages is unbroken.

I stopped outside No. 98, once a rather superior private residence, part of a solid Victorian terrace. Among the nameplates clustered around the doorway, the biggest and newest was a handsome glass affair that caught the eye. "INMAN AND HADLEY, Gem Setters."

An ancient, rusty iron gas lamp hung at the foot of the worn wooden stairs. I went in. Behind the door on my left, a machine was churning. The door on my right had a pencilled scrap of paper: "Back in Ten Minutes."

I began to climb the hollowed stairs between



Richard Brelsforth is a chaser, one of the hundreds of one-man businesses found in the Jewellery Quarter. "Now, he's a real artist," say his neighbours



Birmingham is pulling down many of its slums and reconditioning others. Philip Hughes, a housing official, inspects new brickwork

the stained and paperless walls. The banisters were loose at the top.

Inman and Hadley, Gem Setters, had the front room on the top floor. Over two cinque-foil jewellers' benches under the window two young men and three youths sat, heads bent, engrossed in the fine detail of their work. A row of rings and a scatter of diamonds, flashing on a square of paper, lay in front of them, in a litter of tools. One man was using a drill, a simple affair "powered" by twisted string, a gem-setter's tool that could not have changed much since the Babylonians were in the business.

The story of Melbourne Inman and Harry Hadley, as they told it to me, was the classic story of the Jewellery Quarter, the story of two young craftsmen setting up for themselves. Except that, owing to a war-born labour shortage on the gem-setting side of the trade, they, perhaps, had been more fortunate than many. They had even managed to get three apprentices, the youngest of whom, Harvey Yellowitz, had only just joined them from school that week. Now he sat by himself at a bench, painstakingly cutting out endless practice stars in a hexagon of copper.

Vied In Test Of Skill

"Once you can sit still, you've learned half the trade," said Inman, watching his efforts. And that reminded Hadley how, when they had themselves been youths working for the same firm, they used to vie with each other in their great test of skill: setting seven diamond chips in the point of an ordinary pin.

There were, they told me, eight tenants altogether in No. 98, each in a different branch of this bewilderingly intricate industry. To one side of them, on the top floor, was G. Williams, Locket Maker. But the operations of Mr. Williams had overflowed, in typical Jewellery Quarter fashion, into a ground-floor room of the house next door.

On the other side, still on the top floor, a

small sign jutted from a doorway: "R. BRELSFORTH."

Richard Brelsforth is a chaser, and when the other tenants of No. 98 mentioned his name to me, a tone of respect came into their voices. "Now that chap," they'd say, "he's a real artist, he is."

But talk to Brelsforth himself and he tells you, soberly, that art's all very well and good, but it doesn't always pay the grocery bills. So, since he has a wife and child to think about, it's 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. on butter-dish covers for the American market at four shillings a time and laurel-leaf borders for tea-sets and the old orange blossom on rings—with just the odd darts club trophy or angling shield thrown in to break the monotony.

"I'd say myself I was a good commercial chaser," said Brelsforth quietly, swinging aside the lens hinged on to the front of his spectacles. "But, yes, I can be fascinated by this work all right."

He got up, and picking his way across the shabby, littered little workroom, opened a cupboard and groped inside. What he finally pulled out was a superb silver chalice. "Made it during the war from sheet silver," he said. "While I was working in a factory. Just to keep my hand in."

He showed me a beautiful little cribbage board he was making for his own use. "It'll be chased down the centre, here, see, and then I shall have it silver plated. . . ." One began to see what the neighbours meant.

A glass inquiry hatch on the landing below bore the name "T. CATER." Thomas Cater was No. 98's landlord. From its windows he had watched the life of the Jewellery Quarter go by for half a century, but now he was thinking of retirement. Already he had given up his ring-making business but was keeping the jobbing side going—one of 120 jobbing jewellers around the Quarter.

The bench in front of us was covered with little boxes that had come in the post, each

with its scraps of paper carrying scribbled instructions from jewellers all over the country. A bracelet with a broken clasp. Please repair. A sapphire ring with a missing central stone. Match and replace. A signet ring somebody wants a monogram on.

Feet tramped up and down the bare wooden stairs. All day, people were coming and going, in and out of the rooms, with rough paper parcels under their arms. Most firms in the Quarter live by taking in one another's washing. One man makes a brooch, a second fits a clasp on, a third engraves it, a fourth sets a stone in it, a fifth polishes it. Each trifle traces its own complicated course up and down these streets, in and out of these shabby old houses.

The Value Of Gratitude

A customer in a hurry, a paper-covered bundle under his arm, pushes open the hinged flap across the doorway of "A. W. SOMERS, Engraver." He plants the stuff on Somers's bench.

"Two little plates for brushes . . . B.C.P. A tankard: they want plain script E.T.S. A watch-back, T.K.D. . . . and this silver cup—now, what was it? Oh, yes—*Daphne Todd on Betty*. . . . What? Dunno. Horse, I suppose. Oh, and this brass dish, *In Gratitude for Long and Faithful Service*. . . . Uh, if that's all their gratitude's worth. . . . Look, brass stamping from the bottom of Augusta Street, just round the corner!"

Down on the ground floor the machine was still churning. It was, it turned out, a barrel-polisher, burnishing a batch of bracelets. The trick, it seems, is to make one-thou. gold coating gleam convincingly—without rubbing it off in the process.

On all sides of the room there were buckets and baths of mysterious liquids, exhaling faint vapours. Crinkly wires dipped into them. The place looked like an old alchemist's den—and that, in fact, seems about as accurate a description as any of an electroplater's workshop. Harry Hodgetts turns dross into gold a hundred



Twelve-storey blocks of flats, like this at Saltley, form part of Birmingham's development scheme. In addition, special "flatted factories" will be built to house one-room industries

times a day. He and his fellow alchemists are the backbone of the big Birmingham costume jewellery industry.

A pile of lead-tin brooches lay on the floor, cast by the hundred from rubber moulds by a process developed in Central Europe before the war but now gaining ground rapidly over here. The design was intricate; the metal was leaden grey. But soon, as alchemist Hodgetts went to work over his baths and wires, it would be as bright and gleaming as the "gold" rhinestone bracelets that lay, having the acid dried out of them, in a tub of sawdust.

The metal shone, the stones sparkled darkly: to my vulgar eyes the effect was rich and costly. Just how costly?

It's All Done By Mirrors

Somebody—there is always somebody coming and going in these places whose knowledge is at your disposal—picked up one of the bracelets appraisingly.

"Costly? Oh, not much. This chain, see, that comes off a machine by the yard. The stones? Paste from Austria. The backing does the trick, see? All done by mirrors. Stones . . . maybe fourpence ha'penny a gross."

It was towards the end of the eighteenth century that they first began to say: "Give a Birmingham man a sovereign and a copper kettle and he'll make you a hundred pounds worth of jewellery!"

And cheap jewellery by the ton is still one of the mainstays of the Birmingham jewellery trade. It is a highly competitive branch, with a number of larger "production line" firms.

"But can the little man survive against the larger firms' mass production methods?" I asked.

"Survive! Didn't you see the cars in the streets outside? More cars in those streets than anywhere else in England. It's wonderful—especially since they've all been losing money

the last five years, they say. Of course, they're all trained musicians round here. . . ."

Nevertheless, the faces in the streets are always changing. Young men set up in high hope, working the clock half round; and young men, somewhat older, fade away; and others move forward to rent their vacated rooms.

G. Williams, the Locket Maker, had overflowed next door.

Locket? Surely they belonged to the gas-lit era, to the world of hansom cabs and aspidistras and family albums? Quite wrong, it seems. And, furthermore, there's nothing like a war for doing good to the locket trade. The first World War proved it; then the second World War brought the lockets out again; and even the Korean War, said Williams (who went into the business with his naval gratuity around 1946), even that brought along its own minor locket boom.

In a back room a woman sat at a stool, pushing the arms of a small press to and fro, adding every twenty seconds to the little pile of grey locket-covers.

Who would sigh, who would mourn, over the gilded hearts? The seeds of a hundred impossible novels germinate in every room in Spencer Street.

But Spencer Street couldn't care less. To Spencer Street a locket is six parts of metal, to be manufactured, assembled, plated, polished, and put on the market—and that is enough to keep anyone busy.

Yet the mystery remains, all the same. Just what is it that the Quarter sells? Precious metals? Craftsmen's skill? Social brand marks? The primitive emotions stirred in most creatures by glittering things?

At one end of Spencer Street, a ring, three "diamonds" sparkling in their "engraved" settings, is cast by the hundreds in a matter of minutes and sells at 10s. At the other end, a ring means hours of painstaking work by highly



In "classless" Bournville, a works manager may first garden cities, it is an oasis of calm, with

skilled craftsmen, and may carry diamonds worth £100 or more.

Yet, given the atmosphere, given the wearer, who would know the difference?

Spencer Street would. *What is truth?* said *jesting Pilate*. And back from Spencer Street comes the reply, without hesitation: "Nine, eighteen or twenty-two carat. . . . Paste, Synthetic or Real."

Here, in the Jewellery Quarter, just one hundred labyrinthine acres, is a world apart, an extraordinary world of infinite complexity; yet it is only one of a hundred such worlds that make up the city of Birmingham, the "Great Wen" of the Midlands.

"City of 1,500 Trades" is the municipal publicity department's slogan, but as I walked out of the Jewellery Quarter and down Great Hampton Street, and once again the crowding name-plates assailed my eyes, I decided that even that figure was probably an underestimate.

Pilgrims Flocked To Soho

The road ran away downhill and then began to climb the long, straight slope up to Soho, where Matthew Boulton, a local manufacturer, and James Watt, the Scots engineering genius, entered upon their historic partnership, harnessing a thousand craftsmen—including some imported from all over Europe—to the new productive power of steam, making the throbbing Soho Manufactory a showplace which brought ecstatic pilgrims flocking to Birmingham from all over the globe.

And in Birmingham, even today, as in those fabulous days when the gears first meshed and the steam hissed and Britain became the "workshop of the world," the industrial cornucopia seems to be brimming over.

Egg-whisks and dynamos and glass eyes; handcuffs and whistles for the police forces of the world; zip-fasteners and golf balls and coffin



live next door to a mechanic. One of Britain's the Rest House dominating the lovely green

handles; eight million pins and three million hair-grips, needles and safety pins a day, plus three and a half million chocolate blocks and a wheeled torrent of cycles, motor-cycles, rickshaws, lorries, cars and railway coaches.

Starting up in a bombed-out pub a few years ago, one little firm now sends 50,000 dollars' worth of bicycle bells and shoe-trees—a typical Birmingham combination—to the United States each year. Another is just going into production with a machine for restoring crispness to wilted vegetables. . . .

Home of the multi-knobbed brass bedstead and the "Benares" tray, Birmingham has also long been famed as Britain's Button Capital. At the bottom of Soho Hill, where the great Boulton himself was in the button business, the heavy stamps, ranged in rows, still rise and fall like so many guillotines. Firms have been stamping out brass buttons by the million ever since the Gunners first set the fashion in 1680.

Thud . . . thud fall the stamps, one by one, all down the row, as the operators deftly slip the small squares of brass into place under the die. *Thud . . . thud . . . thud . . . thud . . .*

The stamped-out badges and buttons lay in little piles along the bench. The Malay Navy . . . Leeds Transport . . . the rayed star of the Metropolitan Police helmets . . . the Kenya Regiment . . . and then a badge with a crescent—the Tripolitanian Army.

In the big die-cellar, where tens of thousands of dies, the work of 150 years, have been stored, history can be read from the shelf. Walk round with fifty-nine year old Harry Roberts, the die-sinker, key-craftsman in this, as in so many others, Birmingham metal works.

Here, under a coating of dust, is a die with a bicycle wheel in the centre of the design. "That? Oh, that's the Army Cycle Corps in the first war. That was their badge."

And these crossed spears? The Zulu Rifles? "Oh, some lord or other . . . all that side are

livery buttons." Shelf after shelf of half-forgotten feudal heraldry!

"See, here's a William IV badge . . . and the old North British Railway. Guard's button, I expect. That? Just the die for the spikes for cavalry helmets."

Industrially, statistically, Birmingham fully lives up to its title of "Britain's Second City." But a city is more than a workplace. We are brought face to face with the sad truth that "Britain's Second City" is also Britain's most characterless, an indeterminate No Man's Land interposed between London and the real provinces, which begin, a mile or two to the northwest, at Smethwick.

We are back again in pursuit of the elusive "Brummie."

One in every forty-four people in Great Britain live in this city of Birmingham, in the very hub of England. They work there, but how many "belong" there, as a Mancunian belongs to Manchester, or a Liverpudlian to Liverpool?

Accent Of The Uprooted

Where is the Birmingham man who beats his breast and cries: "I am a citizen of Birmingham, no mean city"? On the contrary, as Harry Baker, secretary of the Trades Council, remarked to me, he is very likely to belittle the place.

There is a clue, perhaps, to the nature of the malady in the one distinguishing mark the Brummie *does* have: his accent. A sort of devitalized cockney in its general effect, it is the strange fruit of a mésalliance between the broad, warm vowels of Worcestershire and the hoary Anglo-Saxon sounds of Black Country speech—yet lacking the character of either of them.

It is the accent of the uprooted. Its indeterminate, yet unique, tones unmistakably demark the shores of the island of Birmingham.

The truth is that this city grew too fast, too rankly, to knit together, to develop a sound heart. As a community, a great city of men and women, belonging to the city as their city belongs to them, Birmingham has still to find itself.

Physically, as well as humanly, the place does not cohere. "Britain's Second City" is still today, not one, but three.

First, the interminable network of proliferating suburbs punctuated by bright super cinemas, linked by a twenty-four mile circuit road along which black-and-white double-deckers, labelled "OUTER CIRCLE," ceaselessly and sedately plough, as if in some mechanical purgatory.

"New Model" Super-Pubs

Here is the homeland of the Odeons, dream child of a Birmingham metal merchant named Oscar Deutsch. Vast super-pubs, grandiose conceits executed in many styles—Tudor, "Cotswold," neo-classical, Dutch-gabled, "contemporary"—stand beside magnificently engineered dual-carriageway roads with green verges and middle-strips and saplings. In spring, here and there, daffodils dance by the concrete roadside.

The grandiose pubs, like the cinemas, are set back from the road in their spacious car parks. And the car parks, in the evenings, are full. For money clinks merrily in Birmingham pockets. This city has never in its life really known Depression with the capital "D."

Built—and what they must have cost!—in the thirties by prosperous Birmingham brewery firms, the super-pubs were, it appears, a well-intentioned effort to bring into being a "new model" twentieth-century public house, with plenty of space for tables and gardens and civilized drinking. In fact, they seem cavernous, dispirited and sterile.

Yet oddly, here and there among all the

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On to the assembly line at Bournville go the Milk Tray centres, heading for the "enrober" which will cover them in chocolate. Each girl worker is responsible for two ranks of centres



At Cadburys, both the iron machines and human machines are well cared for. Each employee under the age of eighteen is taught to swim in the company's baths—during company time



Tea tasters testing for blending

A matter of good taste . . .

WHEN THE TEAS from plantations in various parts of the world arrive in London, the blenders must discover their individual characteristics.

By merely tasting samples, these experts can quickly tell which teas will go best together to make the finest blends.

They judge by the appearance and smell of the dry leaf; by the colour, and brightness of the infusion; and by the colour, thickness, strength, pungency, and flavour of the brewed samples. They also bear in mind the hardness or softness of the water in the districts where the tea will be sold.

Anything up to twenty-five different teas—each one selected for some distinctive characteristic—go to produce the fine Brooke Bond blends.

* * *

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THE SECOND TRIP TO MARS

by *WARD MOORE*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

In 2002, the expedition landed. It should have been the first to arrive. But Humphrey had beaten them to it—by 115 years

UNTIL ITS REPORT was known, the Murphy-Gobiniev-Langois-Alemeda-Mutsuhara expedition to Mars in 2002 was thought to be the first successful one. Truth is, the first flight was achieved, quite accidentally, by a Humphrey Beachy-Cumberland in 1887, the year of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee.

His full name was Humphrey Howard Clarence Beachy-Cumberland, and he was a distant—very distant—connection of the Churchills. Humphrey rather considered the Churchills pushing; he had no handle in front of his name, and held a low idea of peerages.

There had been Beachys at Agincourt and Crécy; Beachy-Cumberland was a good name at Naseby and Ramillies, Prestonpans and Salamanca; he didn't propose to change it for Lord Whatsit or the Earl of Nowhere. Even at twenty-five—he'd been born a twelvemonth after the Prince Consort died—he had solid principles. He had a lively interest in progress (improved housing for tenants; free lectures for the labouring classes); and a sense of responsibility (inspection of drains, pensions for superannuated servants).

Progress accounted for his interest in Giles Pundershot. Certainly not compatibility. Pundershot was a cad in every sense: he was baseborn, he misplaced the letter "H," he borrowed money without meaning to repay, he read other people's mail, he flirted with housemaids, he wore the tie of a school he had not attended. Given the opportunity, he would probably have shot foxes.

He was also a genius of the first magnitude, a physicist so far ahead of his time no university tolerated mention of his name, no scholar of standing bothered to refute him. Humphrey gave him a pound a week, rooms in the servants' wing, and a reasonable charge account at an ironworks of which he was a director. He also allowed him an under-gardener and a half acre of ground for the construction of a flying machine. Both Humphrey and Pundershot were sure heavier-than-air flight would come before 1900.

Pundershot's flying machine was along revolutionary lines. It was, in fact, a projectile—a projectile without a cannon.

"Magnetism," explained Pundershot; "attraction and repulsion. Anti-gravity, in a word. Spurns the earth. The trouble so far is that it spurns it too blankety much. If I'm right, it

Continued on page 35



"Get in if you want," said Pundershot. "Can't see much, but you can feel things." Reluctantly, Humphrey clambered aboard the flying machine

John Keevil puts a price on trouble

by JOHN ENNIS

He will insure his clients against unusual risks—like having triplets, swallowing a mouth-organ, or causing death by laughter



Trumpeter Eddie Calvert rehearses while Keevil chats about business. It took three months to find companies which would insure Calvert's lips



JOHN EVAN KEEVIL, an insurance agent, was waiting in a dressing-room at the East Ham Palace, a London theatre, when the trick cyclists Nicol and Kemble left the stage after their act one night in 1952. Keevil had all the forms laid out ready to arrange a comprehensive car insurance policy for Nicol. As he put the cover note in his pocket, Nicol asked: "Can I give you a lift into town?"

Keevil accepted. On the way they collided with another car. "The insurance company had to pay out almost before they knew they had a new client on their books," says Keevil.

In the past four years, Keevil has built up a prosperous insurance brokerage business by concentrating on theatrical clients and specializing in unusual insurance risks.

"When they think of insurance, most theatre people think of me," he says. It took him three months to find companies and underwriters who would insure the lips of Eddie Calvert, the trumpet player. Keevil has placed insurance for two performing sea-lions—the owner pays £250 a year and collects £750 if one of them dies. Through Keevil, a troupe of can-can dancers and a foot juggler have insured their legs.

Insurance For A Dummy

Jimmy Wheeler, the comedian, paid a premium of five shillings which provides £10,000 for the next-of-kin of any member of the audience who dies "by laughter or thrills" while he is entertaining. When he insured his dummy against all risks, including woodworm, Arthur Worsley, the ventriloquist, insisted on conducting business with Keevil through the dummy.

Though most of the policies he handles are aimed at protecting stage people from the normal risks of their profession, Keevil has handled claims for some odd accidents. The Malcolm Mitchell Trio were performing at a charity show two years ago, when Mitchell stepped forward to move the microphone. As he grasped the steel stand a strong electric shock made him unable to let go. Another of the trio came forward to help him, and he, too, got a shock. Both had to go to hospital. They lost a week's work and drew compensation.

When a balancer asked for life insurance, Keevil had a great deal of trouble inducing a company to take the risk, owing to the apparent danger the man ran every night in his act. Finally, Keevil managed to persuade the company that the man knew how to fall without injury. Soon afterwards the balancer telephoned

A fifty-shilling policy earned Tony Fayne, the impressionist, £200 when his triplets were born. Keevil pays them a visit with his wife, Diana



In her dressing-room, Winifred Atwell jokes with Miss Atwell's hands insured for £40,000 he had

Keevil. He had been talking through the window of a theatre box office when a piece of plate glass fell from above the grille, hit his head, broke and cut his hand so badly that he was unable to work for four weeks.

The Three Monarchs, harmonica players, have two thousand mouth-organs, which they insured against loss or damage through Keevil. One of them swallowed a tiny one, less than an inch long, one night. "He didn't know whether to claim for the harmonica or for sickness," says Keevil. "In the end he coughed it up, so there was no need to claim for anything."

Keevil was a struggling theatrical agent four years ago when he realized that he could make a better living handling his clients' insurance than by trying to find work for them. His wife, Diana, at that time a contortionist and adagio dancer, was doing occasional stunt work in films. She was asked to make a mock parachute jump from a high tower, with a wind blowing from below to fill the canopy.

"I couldn't get insurance," she recalls, "and I had already had a bit of a fright in a film when I did a comic adagio dance with a comedian who knew nothing of the correct holds and lifts. I managed to stall my agent for a month while Jack dashed about after insurance."

Played Piano Amid Lions

He tried fifty companies and failed with them all. Eventually he met an old school friend who is now city manager of one of the big insurance offices. "He couldn't do it himself," says Keevil, "but after I pestered him he arranged for the risk to be spread among a number of Lloyd's underwriters."

Once Keevil realized that there *was* a way to fix insurance cover for risks not normally taken up by individual companies, he began looking for more business.

When he had the hands of Winifred Atwell, the pianist, insured for £40,000, he had to spread the risk among an insurance company



her godson, Keevil's four-year-old son Paul. When Keevil had to spread the risk among a company and sixty underwriters



With a theatrical agent, Keevil negotiates insurance for a troupe of dancers. Once, after selling a policy to a pair of skaters, he went on stage to help with their act

and sixty Lloyd's underwriters. Six months later, Miss Atwell agreed to play in a cage full of lions at a charity show. The company, on behalf of all the underwriters, told Keevil: "I don't think she is covered for working with lions." He passed this on to Miss Atwell.

"She just shrugged her shoulders," he says.

Her Voice Put Up Premium

Keevil finds that his greatest difficulty is in convincing insurance companies that his clients are worth taking a chance on, and that their business is little or no more dangerous, or likely to lead to a short life, than most other jobs. Inside many insurance companies' cover-note books there is a list of people whose cars the agent may not insure without first obtaining permission from the office. They include theatricals, journalists, publicans, bookmakers, furriers and professional boxers.

Often, Keevil feels frustrated by the attitude of the underwriters. He was about to settle a policy insuring the voice of Karen Greer, a singer, when one of the underwriters read in a newspaper that she was "the English Yma Sumac." The man put up the rates because she had "an unusual voice."

"I produced a letter from a Harley Street doctor which testified that the risk to Karen's voice was not abnormal," says Keevil. "But I couldn't sway the underwriter. He demanded a higher premium."

Keevil collects his commission from the insurance companies and underwriters, not from his clients. To gain the confidence of stage people he is always ready to help them in an emergency.

Once, at Tunbridge Wells, he arranged insurance in the dressing-room for a roller-skating act, Ravic and Babs. Later, he was sitting with his wife in the auditorium when Babs began asking for someone to go on the stage and be swung round by the skaters. It was a shy crowd, and there were no takers when Babs came down among the stalls, pleading for

a volunteer. Seeing Keevil, she murmured: "Come on, Jack, we're in a mess." He went on to the stage.

"They gave him the lot," says his wife. "They swung his feet off the ground and tossed him in the air. At the end he was staggering as if he was drunk."

On another occasion, Keevil helped a telepathist. He discovered how it was done, and astounded his family by doing the act himself in an amateur concert at a holiday camp.

At the same camp, his children, Raymond, aged eleven, Carol, nine, and Paul, four, were playing with a beach ball. Raymond kicked the ball on to the back of an elderly woman's head, and her glasses fell off. They broke as they fell.

Keevil told the woman to send him the bill, as he was insured against such happenings. Later she told him that her son, whom she had telephoned at his home, had said there was no such insurance to be had, and indicated that Keevil was deceiving her.

"I asked her for his address," says Keevil, "and I sent him a prospectus. He took out a similar policy and is now a client of mine."

Children Persuaded Client

Keevil is always ready to turn an opportunity into cash. Some time ago he was trying to persuade a fairground showman to take out insurance against any members of the public being hurt by bumper cars. As Keevil explained what he had to offer, the fairground loud-speakers played a record of Winifred Atwell's "Daddy's client," said Keevil's children, who were standing nearby. Next came a record of a song by Joan Regan. "Daddy's client," said the children. Then a record of Calvert's trumpet. Again the children chanted, "Daddy's client." The showman was impressed. He bought the insurance.

Three weeks later, Keevil was trying to do

business with an executive of a large firm, when the executive mentioned that he needed a fun-fair for the employees' annual sports day. Keevil offered to fix it. He drove from one fair-ground to another until he caught up with his showman client, and hired him. "I drew a commission."

Keevil, who was born in 1921 at Sevenoaks, Kent, took up boxing while he was a boarder at Queen's College School, Taunton. On holiday, he trained in a professional gymnasium in London, and there met a number of professional boxers. Back at school, he acted as agent to these professionals, arranging bouts for them in the West Country. "I have always been a ten per cent boy," he says.

Music Was Upside Down

After serving in the R.A.F. as a physical training instructor, he began running a dance band, using his developing business ability to arrange dates. He lost heavily on a music hall tour. "But it was when I was discovered in a bandstand at Eastbourne, conducting a selection from *The Desert Song* with the music upside down, that I decided this was the wrong job for someone who could neither read music nor play any instrument."

For all his life-insurance business, as opposed to the car, accident and unusual risk insurance, Keevil has a contract with one company. "They gave me a course of training, and I was nearly fired the first week because my arithmetic was bad," he says.

Some months ago, Keevil paid a social call on one of his clients, Tony Fayne, the impressionist. Fayne mentioned that his wife was having a baby. As a joke, Keevil pulled out a form. "Have one of these," he urged. "Pay fifty bob and you will draw £100 for twins, £200 for triplets and £500 for Siamese twins."

"Those are fair odds," said Fayne. "I'll take one," and he handed over £2 10s. His triplets were born last September.

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

SHOOT FIRST! (3) *The exploits of newsreel cameraman Ronnie Noble*

I film a suicide drama in the sea

It was an awesome sight. The Japanese were refusing to be rescued. One after another they were going under, either by their own hands or by the strong teeth of the sharks



AFTER MY CAPTURE at Tobruk I was taken to Italy, where I spent a year in various prisoner-of-war camps. Then, in September, 1943, Italy capitulated. With five hundred other prisoners, I marched out of the camp and into the hills of northern Italy, determined to survive there until the Allied troops came up from the south.

During the next months, I worked on farms in the hills. Then winter came. Food was scarce, the Allied advance had bogged down, and the chance of being recaptured by the Germans increased daily. With a friend, I decided to escape to Switzerland.

An Italian Resistance worker drove us from Parma to Milan in the back of a furniture van, steering blandly through the German road blocks. He put us off at the railway station and we boarded a train for Como. There, with no difficulty at all, we stole a boat and rowed across the lake, climbed the mountain on the north side, scaled the frontier wire and were in Switzerland.

It was no hardship being interned. The Swiss offered us food, shelter and excellent hospitality. But as the months passed I found it uncomfortable to be surrounded by war and to take no part in it. Neutrality was all right if you were a neutral. As a war correspondent I found it a bore. I wanted to feel a newsreel camera in my hands again, and there in France, almost on my doorstep, was an exclusive story—the Maquis.

Smuggled Across Frontier

In June, shortly after the Normandy invasion, I was ready to go. With the help of a French Resistance agent I met in Geneva, I smuggled myself across the Swiss frontier and joined a Maquis group in the foothills of the Doubs area. The next few weeks were hectic. We ambushed German outposts, blew up railway lines, confiscated food and transport from collaborators and generally harassed the Germans until they were afraid to venture out of their strongholds except in large convoys.

I still had no ciné camera, but I had acquired a Leica and decided to become the official photographer of the group. The Maquis were camera shy at first and threatened to shoot me when I produced my camera. Their reaction was natural enough, for if my photographs had fallen into the wrong hands it would have been

This scene from Noble's film shows one of the Japanese being hauled from the sea by British sailors. Even on board some still attempted to commit suicide, preferring death to captivity



Escaping from a prison camp in Italy, Ronnie Noble (fourth from left) joined these Maquis fighters in France. He fought with them for three months

dangerous for them and their families. Finally we compromised and it was agreed that my films should not be developed but hidden until it was safe to produce them.

In August the Americans invaded the south of France and our group was given its biggest operation. To coincide with the Americans' advance, special parachute teams were to be dropped to take over the last-minute actions against the Germans as they pulled back. Our group was to receive an airdrop of arms and ammunition as soon as the weather was right.

Rendezvous At Midnight

Two consecutive nights we went out and waited for our aircraft to come over, but bad weather kept them away. On the third day, we sat around the radio listening for the *messages personnel*, the instructions given to Resistance groups all over Europe. At last our own message came through. "*Le canard est sur le lac*," it began. "*Nous disons trois fois—Le canard est sur le lac. . .*" Then the instructions followed.

We cheered and sang. We had good cause to celebrate for we were to receive our biggest ever arms drop and a special agent was coming to advise us on the operation. A convoy of cars set off to the dropping-ground and guards were placed on the perimeter to defend it against the Germans. The fires were built and we stood by, waiting for midnight, when we should hear the drone of our aircraft approaching.

Small groups of men stood silent, ears strained for the noise of the approaching aircraft. It was a risky situation, for if we lit the guiding fires too soon, German patrols might see them and attack us before we received the drop.

"Here they are!" yelled a voice. We stared upwards, listening. Yes, there it was, a quiet droning in the distance.

"Ready with the fires!"

Albert, our commandant, stood by with his torch to flash the code letter which would open the planes' bellies and shower arms and equipment down to us. The noise grew louder.

"Light the fires!" Albert yelled, and as though by magic five huge bonfires sprang into

life. The aircraft swished above us, a light blinked and Albert replied. In a flash the 'chutes were out and dropping all around us. A canister hit the ground with a crash and smashed, but luckily it hit none of the men. The area, so quiet a few minutes ago, was now a scene of intense activity. Parachutes were buried, canisters opened, arms distributed, ox-drawn carts loaded with equipment.

Plane after plane came over; each one dropped its cargo and turned back towards England. But there was no sign of our special agent, who should have dropped before the supplies. Three hours later, tired but jubilant, we went back to our H.Q.

"But where the hell is our expert?" grumbled Albert, as we sat round the maps on which he'd marked details of our attacks. There was a knock at the door. Everybody scrambled for a weapon. "*Entrez!*" growled Albert.

I'll never forget the next moment. The door opened slowly and there facing us stood a blond young man, in Harris tweed jacket, corduroy trousers, smoking a pipe. He was the most English thing I'd seen in years.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said. "My name's Carew. I dropped in this evening, you know. Got lost somehow."

When the laughter died down he gave us the plan. "In three days we shall be relieved," he said. "In the meantime, we must attack the Germans in Besançon."

Hitch-hiked To Paris

Our attack was most successful. In hard street fighting, we completely harassed the German withdrawal. By the time the last Germans pulled out of the town the first American troops had arrived.

I decided it was time for me to return home. Three days later, with a light heart and ten rolls of photographs, I hitch-hiked my way to liberated Paris. Soon after, I was flying home to London.

It was a strange homecoming. My parents' home in Blackheath was blacked-out and the air-raid warning had already sounded as I knocked on the front door. I peeped through

the letter box, a habit since childhood, and saw Mother running to the door. She opened it, looked at me—and fainted. Major, my bulldog, leaped over her and hit me in the chest with his front paws, sending me sprawling.

At this moment, a "doodlebug" came over, its roar filling the air. I wondered what it was. I'd never heard one before. Suddenly it stopped buzzing.

"Come in!" shouted Mother, recovering fast, and I followed her through the house to the air-raid shelter. We spent the night talking, and it wasn't until morning that I saw her hair. Two years before it had been black and lustrous. Now it was white.

The Girl On The Plane

There were other changes, too, as I saw next morning in London. Even the Universal News-reel offices had been bombed out, although the boss had salvaged his desk. He sat at it when I reported to him. "Well, Noble," he said. "You've certainly been around since I saw you last. I envy you your adventures."

There seemed no answer to a crack like that.

"You'll be wanting some leave, no doubt?"

"Yes."

"Then what?"

"I'd like to go abroad again. Out East if possible."

"That can be arranged," he said.

Three weeks later I was flying out to India, on my way to film the war in Burma. It was an eventful journey. On the plane I met a young redhead in a party of Ensa girls flying out East. I did not know it then, but we were to meet again after the war and she was to become my wife.

Shortly after my arrival in India, I decided to make a film on the operations of the R.A.F. and asked to be posted to a bomber squadron. Late one evening, a group captain ushered me into a crowded mess to meet the officers of the squadron. "Look what I've found," he said. Every head turned.

"What is it, sir?" asked the squadron leader.

"It's a war correspondent," he replied.

At this they guffawed and crowded round to

Mollie M. Kaye's thrilling new novel

A TRIP TO BERLIN



THE JOURNEY quickly becomes a nightmare for Miranda Brand. Miranda, a young fashion model, is travelling to Germany for a holiday with her cousin, an army officer, and his wife. On the night train to Berlin, she finds the body of an elderly brigadier in the next compartment. He has been stabbed. Only a few hours before, at dinner, he was relating a fascinating story—of a sinister house in Berlin. . . .

THE HOUSE was once the home of an important Nazi who, in 1940, had been ordered to bring a fortune in diamonds to Berlin. He reached the city, then disappeared. Neither he nor his wife—nor the diamonds—were ever seen again. . . .

THE MURDER of the brigadier is investigated by an enigmatic young Intelligence officer called Simon Lang. He is intrigued by the story the brigadier had told; intrigued, too, by Miranda.

THE STORY rises to a peak of excitement and suspense when Miranda, left alone one night in her cousin's house, finds her nerves on edge, her heart beating faster. Then, in a paralysing moment, she realizes she is not alone; there is someone else in the house. . . .

THE AUTHOR, Mollie M. Kaye, brilliantly portrays Miranda's ordeal of fear. *A Trip To Berlin*, her first JOHN BULL serialization, begins next week.

Also in this issue: a grand party games supplement presented by Frank Muir and Denis Norden. See page 27

COMING NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

look at me. "Tell us about the war, old boy. Do tell us about the war."

I did not mind the ribbing. It felt good to be working again, and they were such a pleasant company that I was soon settled in.

Next morning the Liberators were out on the runway and we prepared to take off on the biggest air-raid ever made on Burma. On the way over we were to be joined by American bombers for a mass raid on the oil wells in the Rangoon area. I had two cameras with me. One was mounted under the belly of a Liberator, and was operated by a remote control switch, which I intended to set running just a moment before our bombs were released. The second, a hand camera, was to film the crews at work, formations in flight, and any Japanese fighter attacks.

A Dangerous Take-off

As I climbed aboard, the bomb aimer looked at my camera cases and spare film magazines. "How much does all that stuff weigh?" he asked.

"About a hundred pounds," I replied, instinctively cutting the weight by half.

"Hell! You'd better bring it all up forward or we'll never get off the ground." I looked at his face to see if he was joking. But there was no humour there.

"All right, fellows, everybody up front for the take-off," a voice commanded from the nose of the plane. We tunnelled along to the pilot's cabin and crouched on the floor. We lay with our legs entwined round arms and necks, straining as far forward as possible.

"What's all this squash about?" I whispered into an ear that I found near my mouth.

"With a full bomb-load and maximum fuel we'll be ruddy lucky if we get off the ground," was the reply. I looked at the faces around me. They were all calm, whereas I was scared

stiff and could do nothing about it except push up another six inches towards the nose of the plane. Then it was our turn to go. I felt the engines rev up until they were screaming in protest. Then, as though fired from a catapult, we shot down the runway.

I watched the veins standing out on the back of the pilot's neck as we made the interminable run towards the take-off. Then he tensed himself as he pulled the stick back. He seemed to be using all his strength to get the plane off the ground. Suddenly, the bumping ceased and we were airborne. There were sighs of relief as the Liberator banked and began to climb.

Soon our formations were tight, and we were on course for Burma. I made some close-up shots of the crew, the pilot, the navigator at work, the co-pilot dozing, and captured the rather dull, inactive atmosphere of the long, boring hours of flight towards the target.

The clear sky gave way to fleecy clouds as we crossed the Burmese coast. Mountainous columns of fluffy white cloud, tinged with gold. These tempting playground-like masses reached the heavens above and the Bay of Bengal below. I made shot after shot as the bombers passed through them, to get some of the best aerial photographs I've ever made. I could have exposed every foot of film then recklessly stepped from the aircraft into a cloud, to wander through its exquisite soft valleys.

Peril Of The Jungle

A dig in the ribs from the side-gunner ended my daydream. "Look at that ruddy jungle! What chance would you stand if you had to force-land in that lot?" he asked. "You know, even if you get down all right, it's still dicey. One crew I knew managed to walk back. But they're still in hospital."

"Malaria?" I asked.

"No. Blinking leeches. If you have to walk

back, you've got to cross those damned chaungs and they're all loaded with leeches."

I shuddered and took some shots of the thick, green carpet as it slid under the Liberator's belly like the bottom of the sea under a ship. The dense jungle spread ahead of us as far as we could see. I half expected it to reach up with a million tentacles and drag us 15,000 feet down.

Soon there was a different atmosphere in the plane. The side-gunner was no longer talking, but spent all his time at the gun, swinging it round and round and peering into the sky above us, the ammunition belt glistening gold and silver.

"Smoke ahead, skipper!" a voice announced on the intercom.

"The Yanks have done their stuff all right," replied the skipper.

"Yes, and warned the Zeros to get up and take a crack at us," said the rear-gunner.

"Bomb Doors Open!"

We were over Rangoon. I picked out the golden dome of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, and took a shot with a long-focus lens looking down into the city. A few black puffs appeared between us and the next aircraft. They were pretty little things, speeding by like black tropical fish swimming along the front panel of an aquarium. Then I realized that those innocent little puffs were anti-aircraft shells exploding in our formation. Soon the whole sky seemed to be pock-marked with them.

I wound the camera spring and stood by on the remote camera switch. If the remote camera worked well I should get a continuous shot of the bombs dropping from our aircraft and spinning away, right down on Rangoon, and exploding plumb in centre screen. How was it possible, I wondered, to be so detached when one was only 15,000 feet away from death?

"Bomb doors open!" the order came.

I took a shot of them opening, showing the huge metal bombs waiting a touch of a switch to send them hurtling down.

"Ciné camera ready!" the bomb-aimer gave me the cue to switch on the remote camera.

"Bombs away!"

I pointed the hand camera at the rest of the formation and through the viewfinder saw their bombs drop from their silver bellies. Then our plane lifted suddenly, and our own bombs were away.

I kept the camera on the accompanying aircraft, and filmed their bombs as they fell. Then our side-gunner started to fire, the sharp noise cutting through the steady engine drone. I had a perfect shot of him swinging the gun around, shooting at a Japanese Zero. But he only scored a near miss.

Oil Wells On Fire

A column of black smoke was creeping up towards us. It almost reached our height as we finished the bomb-run and turned on course for India. The oil wells had received direct hits. A Zero was shot down above us, and I got a shot of the pilot floating down. His parachute was white against the black smoke of the oil-fires. He would not be large on the cinema screen, but he was on my film.

The flight back to India seemed endless, and they were tired aircrews that touched down in the late afternoon and walked stiffly to the briefing-room. I unloaded my hand camera and then crawled underneath the Liberator to retrieve the other. With eager hands I opened the lid to unload the magazine—and saw a disheartening sight. The film was jammed in the camera gate. It must have jammed almost immediately I had switched on. I had not got the shot of the bombs hitting the target. The flight for me had been almost useless—ten hours in the air for nothing.

To complete the story it was necessary to go

Continued on page 43



In our desperate struggle, neither of us saw the danger. Drexel rolled, taking me with him. Still grappling, we tumbled right over the edge

Castle Minerva

by **VICTOR CANNING**

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Time and again, Drexel had made a fool of me. But I still felt some lingering affection for the man. So I gave him one more chance . . .

I WAS HIDING IN A CUPBOARD in a room of the grim Castle Minerva. Through the fretted doors I saw men entering the room. At the sight of one of them I thought my heart would stop beating. . . .

My name is David Fraser, and I am a school-master. I had taken a tutoring job in the south of France to oblige a friend, Colonel Drexel, a British agent. It was a delicate job . . . the boy I was looking after was Prince Jabal, heir to an Arabian oil state, and he had been abducted by Drexel from under the nose of the anti-British regent. Young Jabal was prepared to renew a British oil concession against the regent's wishes.

It was while waiting for the boy to arrive that I had met and fallen in love with Sophie Orbais.

Sophie was staying locally with two tough characters called Sarrasin and Paviot—smugglers, she later told me. They had some

hold on her, and had engineered our meeting. I knew why now.

Jabal had barely been in the villa a couple of days when he was kidnapped. The colonel was away, and I and his man Brindle were knocked out. The operation was so skilful that it looked to the police—and even, I feared, to Drexel—as if I had arranged it myself.

And the gang had not left it there. To add to the suspicion against me, they had “rescued” me from the police. Paviot had stabbed a police driver, and now the hue and cry was really on.

I had been taken to Castle Minerva, a lonely, crumbling château up in the hills. Jabal was already there—believing I had betrayed him. Sophie was there, too. I couldn't tell what part she played in this. I only knew that her course of action was forced on her, and that I still loved her.

The isolation, the mysterious activity—I could hear strange, repeated sounds and dogs barking

—almost maddened me. One night I got out through my window and tried to escape by a narrow ledge that ran round the building. It stopped short and, with my heart beating a rat-tat, I entered through another window. There were sounds outside the door. With seconds to spare, I hid in a cupboard.

Through the fretted doors I saw my jailers enter the room, followed by a man who appeared to be their chief.

The man was Colonel Drexel.

PART FOUR

“Hands Off Fraser!”

DREXEL said furiously: “I told you there was to be no violence!” I saw him swing round upon Sarrasin. “Why the hell didn't you watch Paviot? You know what he's like with a knife.”

Sarrasin said calmly: “Does it matter? The

policeman is dead and will recognize no one."

"I don't care a damn about that! What matters is that I said it was not to happen! If we're going to pull this off—things go my way! My way! Do you hear?"

That was the moment when hope died in me. Until then I had been feeding my hope with the thought that Drexel was here on my side. But not now. The policeman's death meant nothing to him; he saw in it only trouble and the fact that his plans had been mishandled.

"But even so, Colonel . . ." Gerard drifted forward, ". . . you should not come. Not here. It is too dangerous. Someone might have followed you."

"God!" Drexel exclaimed. "Why do I have to rely on such an old woman? No one followed me. I'm on my way to Paris for a few days. I left my car on the other road over the hill."

"You go to Paris to see our friend about the arrangements with the oil company?" It was Sarrasin.

"Yes. And if there's any more nonsense, I'll cut down your share."

"Not my share," Sarrasin said.

Drexel's body stiffened. "Be careful how you speak to me." His voice was strange to me. There was a new passion and strength in it, and I hated it as I hated him and the thing which had happened to him. "You're in my hands—all of you. Do as I say and everything will be all right. In a couple of weeks we shall have the money. Nothing will lead to us and Jabal will be free, and everything he says will incriminate Fraser more."

"And Fraser?" Sarrasin was smiling. "You really trust your plan for him? It sounds stupid to me."

DREXEL paced across the room, towards my cupboard. He stopped and turned, not three feet from me, with all my future in his hands. "It's the only plan," he retorted. "Fraser is my responsibility. Keep your hands off him. I know him and I know how to deal with him. When he comes round, he'll be at sea, on his way to South America, and there'll be two thousand pounds in his case. He won't come back. There'll be too much against him in Europe for him ever to show his nose here again."

Hidden there, silently watching, I began to understand so much . . . how Drexel had at first made me look careless, how he, Brindle and the others had muddled me up until I looked criminally involved, and then the final move of rescuing me from the police. My comparative freedom at the château was explained. Jabal had seen me, marked me down as a kidnapper—and when he was free who would doubt his word that I was criminally involved?

They settled it cosily at last and I did not listen clearly to what followed. I had too much to think about.

When my attention came back to them again, they were moving out of the room. The colonel was returning to his car. I gave them one minute and then I followed.

The top of the stairs was in darkness, but the hall below was dimly lit. They stood there for a while, talking, and I crept down and found shelter in the shadow of one of the suits of armour that lined the wide stone stairs at intervals. Hidden there, I waited. I knew exactly what I was going to do. There was no choice. I was going after Drexel.

I heard the door shut, then the footsteps of Gerard and Sarrasin coming up the stairs. They passed me, hardly seen, their voices echoed away from me, and then all was silent.

I went down into the hall. The outer door to the courtyard was unlocked. I slipped through it and made my way to the arch that led to the causeway over the dry moat.

As I edged into the gateway, I saw Drexel. He was standing in the moonlight just beyond the shadow of a large tree, lighting his pipe. As



The spotlight hit me full in the face, then paused. I didn't like it. I felt someone was saying: "Still there! Good"

he moved on, I went after him cautiously, knowing I could take no risk with him. His eyes and ears would serve him well. His whole life had conditioned him to walk watchfully.

He went right-handed across the lawn and through a small shrubbery. I kept well behind him. He climbed the wall and disappeared. I gave him headway and then climbed it at another point in case he should already have sensed he was being followed. He was about a hundred yards ahead now, moving up the sloping corktree-studded hillside. Thin on the air behind him was the trace of his tobacco.

From the top of the slope the ground dropped away down a rough hillside to the bottom of a small valley. I went down, and found that where Drexel had disappeared ahead of me into the trees there was the beginning of a small path.

I followed the path and after a time it went steeply up over a shoulder of a big rock outcrop. I scrambled up and came out into a wide, flat space, dotted with myrtle bushes. Away to the right the rock broke away in a ragged fall of about fifty feet. To the left there was a dark palisade of pine trunks. Drexel's footsteps ran evenly marked on the short, wet grass right across the plateau to the trees.

I pulled myself up and began to move across. I was almost on the far side and about to enter the trees when I heard a movement behind me and a voice said: "Turn round and come back with your hands up."

I raised my hands slowly and turned. He was standing a few feet out from the pines, the moonlight full on him. He had pushed his soft hat back from his forehead, the pipe was still in his mouth and in his right hand he held his automatic. He had not been fooled. He had covered the last bit of ground quickly and swung round through the pines to come up behind me.

HE came up and ran his hands skilfully over my clothes. Then he stepped back a few paces and said: "All right. You can lower your hands."

I dropped my arms and stood there. I said bitterly: "You saved my life once. I wish you'd left me there in the desert."

He jerked a little, as though I had flicked at his face contemptuously. Then he said: "Turn round and start back for the château."

"No."

"Start."

The automatic came up a little and I saw it tremble in his hand.

"No. You can't tell me what to do. You

took me and you arranged my life. South America and a new start. You took your reputation and you would have used it to pay your wine bills, your tailor and to give you a rich old age. But the game's over."

"Shut up!"

He came a step forward. I kept my eyes on his face and it was the face of a stranger to me. A hard, lean, tormented face, the eyes almost colourless in the moonlight. His left hand came up to steady the one with the automatic and he said, suddenly calm: "You've got no choice, David. You're going back to the château. One day, maybe, in South America, you'll thank me."

"I won't go to the château."

"I shall count five. After that I shall shoot you in the leg. You'll lie here until I get help to carry you back."

"You can do what you like," I said. "But it won't save you."

He began to count: "One. Two. Three. . ."

I jumped for him. It was now or never. And as I jumped he fired. I saw the spurt of flame, felt the bullet tear at the sleeve of my shirt, and then I was on him and we both went down.

For all his age he was strong and wiry, and his smallness made him difficult to hold. We struck and battered at one another, our heels tearing up the short turf. There was no word, no cry from us except the short, desperate sigh of throat and lungs for air.

I bent his wrist back, putting all my strength into it, and some time or other the automatic went because suddenly I realized that he had both hands about my throat. He hung on to me like a terrier gripping a large dog. I shook him and pummelled him and tried to rise but he held me down and we thrashed around, sometimes myself on top and sometimes Drexel.

His hands tightened round my throat and I knew that he had only one thought now. If he could kill me, he would. Somehow I forced his head back. He jerked his knee up and drove the little of breath that was in me from my lungs, and at the same moment he rolled, his body arching and straining. I went with him and the next instant we were falling together.

We went down through space, still grappling one another. I saw a blur of bushes, and knew we had gone over the edge of the plateau. Then we struck the steep slope and he was torn from me. At the same time a monstrous rocky fist drove up from the darkness below me and punched into me and I went down into oblivion.

WHEN I came to, the sky was grey and purple with dawn. My head ached abominably. I stood up. I found I was at the foot of a drop of sheer rock twice as tall as myself.

Looking at the rock face, I remembered Drexel. I turned, searching for him, and saw him lying about five yards from me, right up against the base of a tree. He was sprawled on his back, his raincoat torn open. He had a deep cut down one cheek and his mouth was hanging slackly open.

I went over and shook him gently, but his eyes were shut and he gave no sign. I stood there, not knowing what to do, fighting off the haziness which still kept sweeping over me. Then I heard a sudden clatter of stones from above. I looked up. A man was working his way down the rockfall towards me. I knew him, but it took me a little while to place him.

It was Mr. Dunwoody, the Englishman with the motor-cycle, who had been camping near the Villa Maruba.

He came across to me, rolling a little on his short legs, a half-length leather jacket belted

Continued on page 28

I stood there, just inside the caravan door. She looked up at me as though she couldn't believe what she saw. "Sophie," I whispered





Bremner, centre, in a bottle-washing department. Once, a woman claimed to have found a wasp in a bottle of beer—but it was still alive

Science has one on the house

by *DON EVERITT*

When the beer goes wrong, Thomas Bremner tastes and tests it. He turned down a royal brew—and solved the mystery of the purple pint

WHEN AN OVERFLOWING STREAM flooded the cellars of a public house with stagnant water, the publican returned all his beer casks to the brewery, cleaned and whitewashed the cellars, and disinfected the drains. The fresh supplies of beer tasted fine at first. Then the customers began taking one sip and refusing to drink more. The beer tasted increasingly odd.

Next day, the brewery called in Thomas Bremner, its chief chemist, to track down the flavour and its cause. Bremner found that the publican had used an excessively strong disinfectant, and its odour filled the cellars. As the barmen drew off the beer, the tainted air entered the casks. "Beer picks up smells very readily," says Bremner. The publican had to replace his stocks and scrub his cellars again.

Bremner describes his laboratory as the National Health Service of the brewery. "We watch scientifically over hygiene and quality in

beer production from the time the barley leaves the field till the beer touches the customer's lips."

Once, a complaint reached Bremner about a glass of beer which tasted and smelled all right but had a purple head. The chemist analysed the beer and found traces of methyl violet, an ingredient of indelible pencil lead. He concluded that, as only one bottle of beer was involved, a fragment of lead had fallen accidentally into the customer's glass.

The chemist occupies an odd, yet significant, position in brewing. He is not new to the industry. The Burton-on-Trent brewery employing Bremner appointed its first chemist, the first in this country, in 1845. The laboratory, Bremner says, was tucked away in a comparatively dark corner, "as if it was a necessary evil to be advertised as little as possible."

The same attitude often exists today. Yet for

twenty years now, the laboratories have taken a major part in steering the industry through a revolutionary swing in public taste. Since bottles appeared on the public house bar, lighter and brighter beers have steadily replaced the stronger, vatted brews. In the last five years, the demand for draught beer has fallen so rapidly that sales experts forecast that soon most beer will go into bottles.

"People get more and more discriminating," says Bremner. "They judge today with the eye rather than with the palate. They clamour for brilliancy. They demand consistency of flavour, condition, and especially appearance." To produce that consistency, the head brewer's traditional experience has had to marry, sometimes reluctantly, with the chemist's science.

Thomas Sergeant Bremner, chief chemist to the Ind Coope and Allsopp group, is a quietly spoken Scot whose features and girth are beginning to give weight to his forty-five years. His firm, selling about a million barrels of beer yearly, claims to be the largest of the nation's four hundred brewing concerns.

Bremner describes his laboratory's work with deference to the brewer, careful not to tread on the craftsman's ground or to offend his susceptibilities.

The Brewer Is The Kingpin

Bremner emphasizes that science has "only confirmed that most of what the craftsman learned by experience is correct." One of the brewery sales executives says: "I don't want anyone to get the idea that the chemist is the kingpin of the brewery today. The head brewer is the kingpin. Mr. Bremner supplements his work."

The supplementary activities of Bremner and his staff of sixteen begin with analyses of raw materials. In a two-hour examination of the barley, he tells the maltster the quality and quantity of malt it will provide during its nine or ten days of germination, drying and curing at the maltings.

"With the head brewer," Bremner says, "I look after the yeast—keep it in a healthy state



Bremner's staff sample growing yeast in its vat

and in healthy surroundings, like any living thing. Few breweries can maintain a healthy yeast, but we've kept our strain pure for more than seventy years."

Some time ago, a laboratory test revealed a secondary, wild yeast in one of the brews, and it recurred in succeeding brews. A persistent wild yeast can cause off-smells, off-flavours and cloudiness. Bremner acted quickly. Working back through the brewing process, he and his staff analysed beer samples and swabs taken in pipes and containers until they reached the section of pipeline in which the wild yeast appeared.

Periodically, the brewery staff dismantle the pipes and immerse them in a hot caustic solution. This section, however, had not gone through quite such a stringent routine because it was built through a wall. Bremner had the pipe taken out and given the full hygienic treatment. The wild yeast did not reappear.

Using equipment which makes small amounts of beer rapidly, Bremner simulates brews about to be made in the brewery. From them he drafts reports which allow the head brewer to alter his timings, temperatures and quantities to avoid trouble. Bremner and his staff then analyse samples taken from the actual brew.

"Brewing is not an exact science," he says. "You constantly seek a compromise between the ideal brilliance, shelf life, type of head and so on."

The shelf life of beer varies from three weeks to a year. For the Australian tour of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, Bremner's firm received an order to prepare a brew to stock the royal ships and aircraft. When the delivery date arrived, Bremner examined a specially prepared brew and advised the head brewer to make another. He had found nothing wrong with the beer, but his tests indicated that it would not remain stable throughout a seven months' voyage. The second brew met Bremner's scientific expectations.

At another brewery, some years ago, Bremner received for examination several bottles of beer which had developed an off-flavour at the end

of a sixty-mile road journey from the brewery to a public house. All the affected beer, Bremner soon discovered, was in clear bottles carried in crates exposed to a brilliant sun. The strong light had caused no chemical change in the beer carried in amber or green bottles.

"Colour gives no true indication of beer's alcoholic strength," says Bremner. "The quantity of solids in the brew determines its real strength. The Customs and Excise man levies a duty on the beer not on the final specific gravity, but on the original gravity immediately before the yeast starts turning the sugars into alcohol."

At another brewery, Bremner was once asked to produce a green beer for sale in a green room of a new public house. He obliged with a little harmless blue dye which complemented the beer's natural colour. "An experienced man in the brewery sampled the normal and the green beer with his eyes closed," says Bremner, "and he couldn't tell the difference."

Chemist Gets £1,500 A Year

Thomas Bremner entered the science of brewing during the depression of the thirties.

Born and bred in the brewing town of Alloa, Bremner spent his first working year as an apprentice, then took a four-year chemistry course at Glasgow's Royal Technical College. He has since worked at five breweries in Scotland, Hampshire, Yorkshire and now Staffordshire.

"I wouldn't want to tell anyone what I earn," he says, "but a junior brewery chemist gets about £550 a year, and I saw an advertisement the other day, offering £1,300 to £1,500 a year for a chief chemist."

Bremner's laboratory automatically handles many customers' complaints. Occasionally, the chemist admits, some of the odd objects left in empty bottles escape the stringent sterilization and visual examination in the bottling department: once, a customer alleged that he found two six-inch nails in a bottle of beer. But the chemist finds it significant that a customer rarely finds a foreign body before he opens his bottle.

Some complaints are unjustified. "Beer will instantly lose its head when it touches greasy lips, but a man eating sausage rolls may complain that his drink is flat." Making one of his frequent analyses of competitors' beers, Bremner could not understand why it always lacked a head when he poured it into a glass. He examined the beer fruitlessly. Then he learned that a member of the laboratory staff used the glass daily, to fetch milk from the canteen.

The girl always washed the glass afterwards, but sufficient traces of grease clung to the inside to take the froth off the beer.

Wasp Staggered Drunkenly

"Brewers in London," says Bremner, "keep a black list of people who make complaints too regularly to be true." Once, a woman went to the Romford, Essex, brewery of Bremner's firm bearing a wasp which she said she had found in a bottle of their beer. The manager, examining the wet, lifeless wasp on his blotting pad, began to apologize to her, then intuitively went out to look at his complaints file. He saw that the woman had made a similar accusation six months earlier.

When the manager returned to his desk, the wasp confirmed his mounting suspicions. The blotting paper had sapped the liquid from its body and it was staggering drunkenly across the pad. The manager returned the wasp to the woman, observing icily that it had obviously just partaken of its beer.

"It would be a remarkable insect, madam," he said, "to have survived pasteurization at 140 degrees Fahrenheit in the bottling department of our brewery, and then several days' immersion in our best pale ale." THE END

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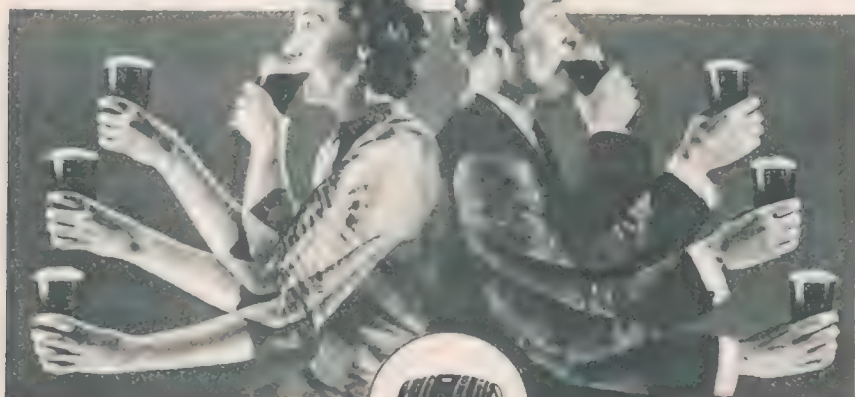


Peter Dimmock



More people drink WATNEY'S than any other BROWN ALE

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?



CASTLE MINERVA

Continued from page 25

tightly round his ample waist and a fur-edged motor-cycling helmet cocked a little to one side on his head.

"You all right?" he asked.

I nodded, and he looked back up the slope of rock. "Nasty fall—even when you've got company for it," he said. Then, nodding at Drexel: "He's not so good?"

"No. I think he's got concussion."

"Wonder you didn't both break your necks. Funny way, if I may say so, for friends to carry on." Then, with a shrewd but humorous glance at me: "You're Fraser, aren't you? The great kidnapper."

"I'm Fraser." I was wondering how much he knew. "How do you come to be here?"

With a casual frankness, he answered: "Followed him when he left Banyuls last night. Waited around by his car and then I heard a revolver shot."

"Why were you following Drexel?"

He shook his head. "Not important at the moment. Thing is—we ought to do something about him."

I stood up. "Look—I'm in a jam."

"You are. The police want you. Fact is, if the telephone had been working, they would know where you are now. But now I'm here, talking to you . . . seems different."

"What telephone?"

"The one in the big château over there. That's where I went for help when I found you both. But there ain't a soul there, and the phone doesn't work."

I knew what that meant. They had discovered my disappearance, and cleared out. My only problem right now was Dunwoody.

We carried Drexel to the château, undressed him and put him to bed in a room on the ground floor. Dunwoody went over him.

"Concussion," he said. "He'll come out of it, but I wouldn't say when."

We left him, and I locked the room door.

Dunwoody cocked an eye at me, but I offered no explanation. Instead, I said: "What about his car and your motor-cycle? Hadn't they better be brought here?"

"All right, I'll fetch 'em," he said. "Means two trips, but it doesn't matter." And then, as he turned to go, cheerful and willing, he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out Drexel's automatic. "Here, you take this. I picked it up back there. You'll feel better with it." And then he was gone.

WHILE Dunwoody was making the two trips, I searched the château. I went into every room, every tower and cellar. I found the kitchen, and opened a tin of chicken soup and warmed it up.

While I was eating, Dunwoody came and joined me. After a while, I said: "Why were you following Colonel Drexel?"

For answer he fished inside his open leather jacket and produced a rather dirty card. It read—

THE DUNWOODY DETECTIVE AGENCY
DISCREET—CONFIDENTIAL
DIVORCE WORK A SPECIALITY

In one corner was a North London address.

I could not help it. I laughed. Any-one less like a detective than Dunwoody I could not imagine.

I said: "How does this tie up with the colonel?"

"His wife. She wants a divorce and he won't give it to her. She was sure he wasn't behaving, so here I am. Must say I haven't got anything to put in the old notebook so far."

I knew the colonel had this kind of trouble. In fact, I'd heard long before I left England that he had separated from his wife.

"How did you know he was going to be at the Villa Maruba?" I asked.

He chuckled. "We've got our methods. Saw you at the colonel's house, and then got your holiday address from your landlady. Now let's hear your story."

I hesitated and then I plunged. I

told him everything, except about myself and Sophie.

He heard me right through, then he said very soberly: "You ain't going to like me for this, but I got to say it. In fact I got to say two things. One. You're a bloody fool. You'll never pull this off. You should go right to the police."

"I can't do that."

"All right. Now—two. I'll string along with you on one condition. If it comes off, I want a hundred quid for my trouble and a fair share of any reward money going."

I stood up, and my heart was lighter than it had been for many a long day. I was glad he had asked for money. It made me more certain of him. "It's a deal."

"And a bloody silly one." He grinned. "All you got to do now is to avoid fifty thousand police looking for you—and pretty soon for the colonel, too—and find Jabal. That shouldn't be difficult for a superman."

THAT afternoon Dunwoody sat with Drexel in case he came round, and, since there was nothing I could do until that happened, I spent the time poking about the château again.

The thing I had to know was where Jabal had been taken. To answer that it was obvious that I had to know all I could about Gerard, Sarrasin and the others.

I had already gone through Drexel's clothes. He carried nothing that helped me: money, keys and little in his wallet but the usual dog-eared letters. Loose in an inside pocket was a short list of figures and numbers:

PE	2	—	7
PV	9	—	11
LB	12	—	14
BM	16	—	21

The first and last set of numbers had an interval of five between them, and the middle two an interval of two. It was a neat pattern which inclined me to think it was some code key, but beyond that it meant nothing to me.

I went down the drive as far as the lodge gate, and as I walked in the sun I tried to marshal everything neatly in my head . . . the things which I did not understand.

Why hadn't the dogs barked when Sarrasin and Fargette had come that evening to carry off Jabal? They always barked at me when I came in, but that evening the old bitch bound by my side had done no more than growl softly as the boat came inshore. One possibility was that Drexel had got the dogs from Sarrasin and Fargette originally, and the dogs, knowing them, had kept quiet. Which led to the next point.

Here in the château there had been the afternoon noise, dogs barking, people laughing, that distant, hollow thud, thud. In my walks around the grounds I had never seen a dog, but behind the kitchen there was a run of kennels and all the signs pointed to the recent presence of animals. Something told me that the dogs were important. What were they—hunting dogs, watch-dogs?

Something, I was sure, held all these people together. I recalled Gerard talking to Sarrasin. "Everything is falling to pieces and we have to take the cheapest . . . that's no way to get anywhere. All my life I have wanted to do it big. . . ." That didn't sound like a man who just wanted money for himself . . . money was a means to feed some ambition. But what?

I returned to the château and went over it again. This time I made more discoveries. In the wastepaper basket in Gerard's room I found a small, crumpled page torn from a looseleaf pocket book. On it in a tight, hard hand were a few notes in French.

Sunday.	Karimba.	Cut nails.
I. Myna		3,000 frs.
Golden-eye		2,150 frs.
Remember money due on Arab		

Here was Karimba again. Was Karimba an Arab? Man or woman? I. Myna and Golden-eye meant nothing unless Gerard was a betting man and they were race-horse names with the amounts he had lost or won. "Cut nails"



her godson, Keevil's four-year-old son Paul. When Keevil had to spread the risk among a company and sixty underwriters



With a theatrical agent, Keevil negotiates insurance for a troupe of dancers. Once, after selling a policy to a pair of skaters, he went on stage to help with their act

and sixty Lloyd's underwriters. Six months later, Miss Atwell agreed to play in a cage full of lions at a charity show. The company, on behalf of all the underwriters, told Keevil: "I don't think she is covered for working with lions." He passed this on to Miss Atwell.

"She just shrugged her shoulders," he says.

Her Voice Put Up Premium

Keevil finds that his greatest difficulty is in convincing insurance companies that his clients are worth taking a chance on, and that their business is little or no more dangerous, or likely to lead to a short life, than most other jobs. Inside many insurance companies' cover-note books there is a list of people whose cars the agent may not insure without first obtaining permission from the office. They include theatricals, journalists, publicans, bookmakers, furriers and professional boxers.

Often, Keevil feels frustrated by the attitude of the underwriters. He was about to settle a policy insuring the voice of Karen Greer, a singer, when one of the underwriters read in a newspaper that she was "the English Yma Sumac." The man put up the rates because she had "an unusual voice."

"I produced a letter from a Harley Street doctor which testified that the risk to Karen's voice was not abnormal," says Keevil. "But I couldn't sway the underwriter. He demanded a higher premium."

Keevil collects his commission from the insurance companies and underwriters, not from his clients. To gain the confidence of stage people he is always ready to help them in an emergency.

Once, at Tunbridge Wells, he arranged insurance in the dressing-room for a roller-skating act, Ravic and Babs. Later, he was sitting with his wife in the auditorium when Babs began asking for someone to go on the stage and be swung round by the skaters. It was a shy crowd, and there were no takers when Babs came down among the stalls, pleading for

a volunteer. Seeing Keevil, she murmured: "Come on, Jack, we're in a mess." He went on to the stage.

"They gave him the lot," says his wife. "They swung his feet off the ground and tossed him in the air. At the end he was staggering as if he was drunk."

On another occasion, Keevil helped a telepathist. He discovered how it was done, and astounded his family by doing the act himself in an amateur concert at a holiday camp.

At the same camp, his children, Raymond, aged eleven, Carol, nine, and Paul, four, were playing with a beach ball. Raymond kicked the ball on to the back of an elderly woman's head, and her glasses fell off. They broke as they fell.

Keevil told the woman to send him the bill, as he was insured against such happenings. Later she told him that her son, whom she had telephoned at his home, had said there was no such insurance to be had, and indicated that Keevil was deceiving her.

"I asked her for his address," says Keevil, "and I sent him a prospectus. He took out a similar policy and is now a client of mine."

Children Persuaded Client

Keevil is always ready to turn an opportunity into cash. Some time ago he was trying to persuade a fairground showman to take out insurance against any members of the public being hurt by bumper cars. As Keevil explained what he had to offer, the fairground loud-speakers played a record of Winifred Atwell's. "Daddy's client," said Keevil's children, who were standing nearby. Next came a record of a song by Joan Regan. "Daddy's client," said the children. Then a record of Calvert's trumpet. Again the children chanted, "Daddy's client." The showman was impressed. He bought the insurance.

Three weeks later, Keevil was trying to do

business with an executive of a large firm, when the executive mentioned that he needed a fun-fair for the employees' annual sports day. Keevil offered to fix it. He drove from one fair-ground to another until he caught up with his showman client, and hired him. "I drew a commission."

Keevil, who was born in 1921 at Sevenoaks, Kent, took up boxing while he was a boarder at Queen's College School, Taunton. On holiday, he trained in a professional gymnasium in London, and there met a number of professional boxers. Back at school, he acted as agent to these professionals, arranging bouts for them in the West Country. "I have always been a ten per cent boy," he says.

Music Was Upside Down

After serving in the R.A.F. as a physical training instructor, he began running a dance band, using his developing business ability to arrange dates. He lost heavily on a music hall tour. "But it was when I was discovered in a bandstand at Eastbourne, conducting a selection from *The Desert Song* with the music upside down, that I decided this was the wrong job for someone who could neither read music nor play any instrument."

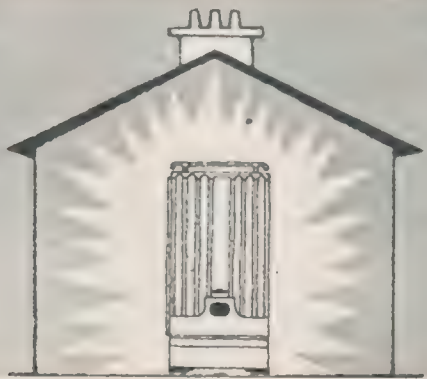
For all his life-insurance business, as opposed to the car, accident and unusual risk insurance, Keevil has a contract with one company. "They gave me a course of training, and I was nearly fired the first week because my arithmetic was bad," he says.

Some months ago, Keevil paid a social call on one of his clients, Tony Fayne, the impressionist. Fayne mentioned that his wife was having a baby. As a joke, Keevil pulled out a form. "Have one of these," he urged. "Pay fifty bob and you will draw £100 for twins, £200 for triplets and £500 for Siamese twins."

"Those are fair odds," said Fayne. "I'll take one," and he handed over £2 10s. His triplets were born last September.

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON



Housewarming News

No need to run short
of paraffin this winter

IN THIS YEAR'S cold spells, when everyone else is rushing round trying to get extra fuel, you can have enough paraffin. You wouldn't let your coal supplies get down to the last shovelful before ordering more. Why not plan ahead the same way with paraffin?

Here is an attractive, strongly built 5-gallon Aladdin Pink Paraffin drum, specially produced by Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd. You can buy it at the shop where you get your Pink Paraffin. With one or more of these in the house you need never be short of fuel this winter. But buy now, before they all go.

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sat with Drexel, but there was little hope in my mood. Not even when he woke up. He just lay there with his eyes open, staring in front of him. I talked to him, tried to bring him back, but when he did answer it was in a stupid, confused way and he was obviously lost in some other world.

After lunch Dunwoody got on his motor-cycle to go down to the village—it was about six miles away—for provisions. I almost went with him—and to the police—but something held me back. I had said I would wait until the evening and I felt tied to my limit.

Ten minutes later I was glad I had not gone for I came across something which made me feel that my luck was turning. I was back in the kitchen clearing away the lunch things. The bin for scraps stood near the sink and I was just going to toss some bits into it when a splash of coloured paper caught my eye.

It was well down at the bottom and the paper was damp. All I saw at first was the head and shoulders of a tiger snarling, arresting in orange, black and red. I bent down and retrieved it. It was a largish handbill. Across the top was a headline:

GRAND CIRQUE PYRENEEN.

Underneath was a picture of four performing tigers in a cage. Three of them were seated on high stools and the fourth was flying through the air towards a paper hoop held by a herculean character in a leopard skin, with waxed moustaches and glossy black hair. Underneath the picture were a few lines of advertising stuff, and then, in a small box: *Venez voir à Banyuls-sur-Mer le 16-21 avril.*

But what held my eye was the animal tamer, and more particularly his belt. The reproduction was bad and garish, but I knew where I had seen a belt like it. Sarrasin had worn one on the night I had been abducted. And this man might easily be an idealized picture of Sarrasin.

Why not? I asked myself. It would account for the strange silence there had been about the château at night. They had to go off to their performances.

I did not stop to think about it any more. It was a chance, and a good one. I had to try it. There was a calendar in the kitchen. The Banyuls dates were the 16th to the 21st April. Today was the 18th, a Wednesday.

I STARTED to get ready at once, I'd seen from Dunwoody's touring map that Banyuls was about forty kilometres—twenty-five miles—away. There was an old bicycle in the shed by the gates and I could make the distance on that easily. In the staff quarters behind the kitchen I found a beret and an old pair of blue workmen's overalls. I got into them.

I was all ready to go when Dunwoody returned. I told him of the chance I was going to take. I could see at once he did not like it.

"I don't say you're not on to something. But the police'll pick you up. Let me go."

"But you don't know these people. I'll be all right. And if I'm not back by tomorrow morning—you go to the police."

He argued for a bit, but in the end I persuaded him. He gave me his map and wished me luck, and off I went.

As I cycled along, I remembered the scrap of paper I had found in the colonel's wallet. I pulled it out and

examined it. Plain enough now what it was—a list of the places, with dates, at which the circus was playing that month. BM was Banyuls-sur-mer; PE — Perpignan; PV — Port-Vendres; and LB was Le Boulou. Drexel had the list so that he would know where to find them.

I knew now that the circus was not going to disappoint me.

By the time I arrived at Banyuls it was twilight. The circus was camped on an open space at the back of the town. I joined a trickle of people moving towards the open space. Against the paling sky I could see the silhouette of the big top and the hunched backs of the parked caravans and mobile cages.

A familiar voice, but now a little slurred with drink, said: "Monsieur, vous voulez des espadrilles?"

I half-turned, and there was Jean Cagou. I shook my head and was going to turn away when he caught my arm. "But, monsieur, surely I know . . . ?"

I grunted angrily and gave his case a nudge which tipped some of his espadrilles to the ground. He gave a wail and sat down, gathering them up quickly to avoid their being trampled. I left him hurriedly, hoping his tipsy mind would soon forget the encounter.

THERE was a queue at the pay desk before the large marquee and I joined the end of it. I had gone up about three places when I saw Dunwoody. He was standing a little apart, near the pay box watching the queue. He saw me at the same time as I saw him, and with a nod of his head for me to join him, walked away.

I left the queue and went after him. He gave me a cheerful grin as I came up. I wasn't pleased to see him and I was at no pains to hide it.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

"It's all right. Take it easy."

"But why are you here? What about the colonel?"

"He's all right. I've locked him in, and anyway he's dead to the wide."

"I still don't see—"

"You won't if you don't give me a chance to tell you." Dunwoody looked around at the parked caravans, and went on: "If your hunch is right, Jabal might be here. Plenty of places to hide him." He patted his leather jerkin. "We've both got guns. We might be able to lift him this evening. You couldn't do it alone."

I was silent for a moment, then I laughed. He might be pudgy and look like nothing, but he was game. I said: "All right. Let's go on."

I started for the paybox, but Dunwoody held out his hand. "I got the tickets. You might have been recognized."

He was right. The man in the pay-box was Gerard. I went back and had a look from a safe distance. Even in the half-light and with the little of him that was visible there was no mistaking that scruffy, tufty hair and the thin tight-drawn face, cross-hatched with its anxiety lines.

Dunwoody and I went in. The real entrance to the big-top was masked by a small marquee which held a menagerie. We circled slowly with the crowd and it was not long before I recognized two old friends—I. Myna and Golden-eye. The first was an Indian myna bird—it didn't look like three thousand francs worth—and the second was a golden-eyed pheasant, a beautiful cock bird.

We walked around the cages. It was

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"I don't care who taught you to tell the time, it's now a quarter to three, not a quarter past nine"

a poor show. Dunwoody led the way into the big-top and we took seats in the front row.

Within an hour I had seen them all. Fargette, Paviot, Sarrasin and Sophie. But if I had not known them and was not there looking for them I should not have recognized them. Any policeman watching the show with my descriptions of them in mind would have passed them over. In fact there was a policeman, a local gendarme, sitting about four places away from me. He was enjoying himself, unworried by professional cares.

There were the usual acts—a couple of trapeze artists, a team of trapeze artists and so on. And then came Fargette. He came on dressed in baggy clown's clothes with a troupe of performing dogs. The dogs were all shapes and sizes, but there was a wolf-hound among them. Fargette's face was painted but there was no mistaking him and I saw that around his neck he wore an enormous celluloid collar like the one I had seen at the château.

Fargette put the dogs through a series of antics and the audience loved it. But I was remembering how the dogs at the Villa Maruba had not barked, and also the noise of barking and laughter in the afternoons at the Château Minerve. Fargette must have been rehearsing up there.

When the turn was finished the dogs went off, but Fargette stayed behind, wiped his brow as though exhausted, and reached for a cigarette. He stood against a property door and a spotlight isolated him from the surrounding darkness. As he reached to light his cigarette, a knife flew out of the darkness and cut the cigarette in half. The knife thudded into the door. Fargette, clownlike, puzzled, reached for another cigarette, but again a knife came from the darkness and chopped it in half. Then the spotlight swung away from him to reveal a man dressed in Mexican gaucho clothes, wide-brimmed hat, and a belt festooned with knives.

I leaned over to Dunwoody and said: "That's Paviot."

"Handy with a knife," said Dunwoody, and I heard him chuckle.

Paviot was handy with a knife, as handy as anyone I had ever seen. As I watched him fling knives at Fargette, outlining him against the door, I thought of the chopped cigarettes in the courtyard. Everything was clear now.

Next, Sarrasin performed with his tigers. Then came Sophie, riding into the ring with a foot on each of the backs of two white Arab horses. She

wore a white blouse with a short frilly skirt, and her dark hair was hidden by a tight-fitting silver wig. Round and round she went. My eyes never left her; when she had finished and gone out I couldn't sit there. I had to go to her. I stood up.

"I'll be back in a moment," I said, and I pushed my way towards the aisle. It was cool outside after the tent. Stepping over the stout guy ropes, I went round to the back towards the performers' entrance. Through the wide doorway of a smaller marquee I saw a circus hand holding the white Arabs. . . . Remember money due on Arab. It came to me now from Gerard's memorandum. Poor old Gerard, even the horses weren't fully paid for. How he must have jumped at Drexel's plan for some easy money!

And then I saw a flash of a white skirt and a figure go up the short steps to a trailer caravan. I made my way over there, and went inside.

SOPHIE was sitting at the narrow dressing-table. She'd taken off her wig and thrown a dressing-gown over her shoulders. She looked up when I came in. She looked as though she couldn't believe what she saw.

I said, "Sophie."

She stood up, still not believing it. The dressing-gown fell back loosely from her shoulders and slid to the floor. The next moment she was in my arms.

Sophie said: "At first they were all sure you would go to the police. Gerard was worried and they quarrelled among themselves . . . all wanting to do different things, until last night when he came. Where were you?"

I sat there, not really listening to her words but to her voice with the faint huskiness in it that I loved. I said: "I didn't go to the police for a lot of reasons. You . . . I wanted to find you first."

Her hand tightened on mine and she went on: "I was sure something terrible had happened to you. Otherwise, why should they have been so confident after he came last night?"

I said sharply: "What are you talking about? Who came last night?"

"Who?" I saw the surprise on her face. "Why, Colonel Drexel, of course."

"What?" I was on my feet in a flash.

She said: "What's the matter, David? Why shouldn't he come back?"

But her words now were only a wash of sound in my ears. Drexel had been here last night! The damned, black-hearted, devious snake! Here I'd been

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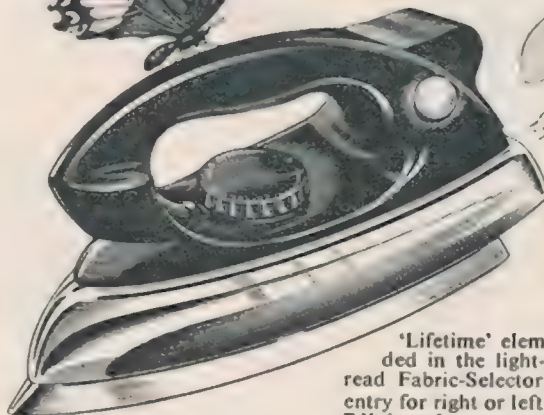
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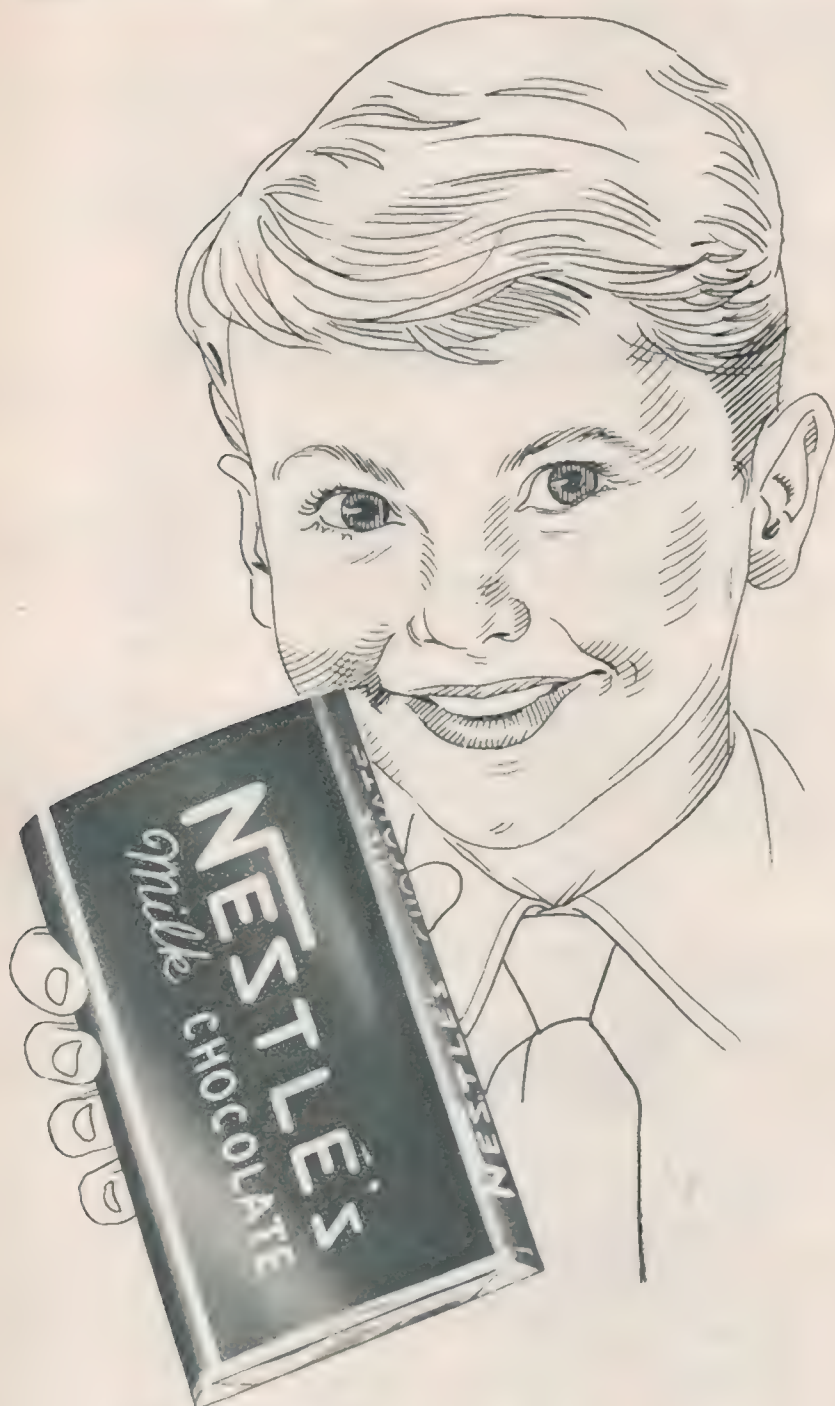
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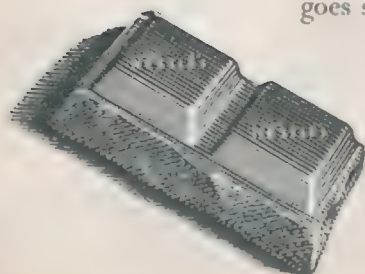
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sweating my guts out and walking the edge for him, and all the time. . . .

I saw now how I had under-rated him. He had come out of his coma. He had recognized me all right, but he had gone on playing the invalid, immobilizing me. Then, when he got the chance, he'd slipped out, leaving Dunwoody sleeping. I knew now that I had not been mistaken when I thought I heard someone in the courtyard. It was Drexel, and he must have got back into bed only a few seconds before I looked in on him.

I swore to myself. I couldn't help admiring the audacity of the man. Last night he must have made his arrangements with Gerard, and tonight, after the show, the whole gang was to come down on Dunwoody and myself.

Sophie said: "You haven't told me a thing about what you've been doing or what you're going to do. Why are you here?"

"Don't worry," I said grimly. "It's all going to be fixed." And it was. I was throwing Drexel overboard. I was going to the police.

"What do you mean? David. . . ."

"It's all right. What have they done with Jabal?"

"He's in one of the box cars. They keep him drugged, I think."

I found a scrap of paper and I wrote a name and address on it.

I said: "You're going to Paris, tonight. Take one of their cars and drive to Perpignan. You can get a train there. Go to this address. It's a friend of mine. Stay with him until I come."

"But I can't. David—I can't leave them. They would only bring me back. You don't understand."

I felt baffled and frustrated. I said: "I certainly don't understand. What can they do to you? What hold have they got on you?"

She looked up at me. "I'm not French. I've no papers—only forged ones. They got them for me when the circus came out of Spain, years ago, when I was a child. A word from them and I would be sent back."

HE didn't like talking about it, seven to me. All her family, except her brother, were dead. They were from Barcelona and had got on the wrong side of the Falangists. She was a refugee, and she was sure the French would send her back because she had helped Gerard and Sarrasin to smuggle stuff between the two countries. They had a nice hold on her.

When she had finished I put my arm around her. "You're going to have a nationality," I said. "You're going to have mine."

"David . . . it can't be."

"Don't be silly," I said. "You're not going back to Spain. You're coming with me to England as my wife. No matter what Gerard may say about you. . . . I can fix that."

I got up. I could not stay any longer. I said: "I'll give you an hour after the show is over. Then I go to the police. You should be in Perpignan on your way to Paris by then." I took her in my arms and kissed her, and then I left.

I went down the steps and through the darkness, hoping I would not meet Gerard or Sarrasin. If I did I would not wait for the niceties of police procedure. . . .

When I got back, the interval was nearly over. Dunwoody was twisting restlessly about in his seat. As briefly as I could, I told him what had happened. He was dumbfounded about Drexel, and when I'd finished he said: "If you're going to the police after the show, I know where I'm going now—right back to the château. Drexel's locked in, but that cove's a Houdini. You don't want the big fish to slip from you now. . . . Blimey, fancy him sneaking out on me like that!"

He stood up to go and said quietly: "Keep out of trouble."

"Don't worry," I nodded towards the gendarme. "When I get out of here I'm sticking to him. He's sure to go and have a drink somewhere. As soon as Sophie is clear I'm going to join him."

Dunwoody went and I was left alone. I think it was the spotlight which



"Yoo-hoo! We found a much better way up!"

first made me uneasy. Every now and then it would detach itself from the other lights and the beam would drift gently round the sea of faces as though the electrician, tired of his real duties, was searching out some friend.

The light would come gently towards me. For a moment it would be full in my face and then gone. I imagined a voice somewhere saying: "Ah, there you are. Still there! Good."

I told myself not to be a fool, but my uneasiness persisted.

Sophie came on about halfway through the second half. There were two men with her and four easy-stepping, broad-backed grey horses.

Her face was set in a professional smile, but I could imagine the strain she must be undergoing. I yearned to help her; but the only way to do that was to sit tight in my seat. With every minute that passed we were nearer safety. I smiled to myself and the spotlight hit me full in the face and then was gone.

There was a great burst of applause as Sophie and her team went off. The band burst into a noisy fanfare and into the ring came tumbling half a dozen clowns and a crazy-looking motor-car which spouted flour from its horn and sent a jet of water shooting up from its radiator when the cap was lifted. I watched them and I could pick out Fargette, and, I thought, Paviot, and there was an enormous fellow in a battered top hat and tight morning-clothes whom I guessed was Sarrasin.

I SAT there watching their fooling and I thought about Sophie. She would be changing now. Soon she would be on her way. . . .

The clowns had given up the motor-car in disgust. In angry voices they were blaming one another and shouting that they must have a mechanic. With one accord they turned and appealed to the audience. "A mechanic! A mechanic! Is there a mechanic here?"

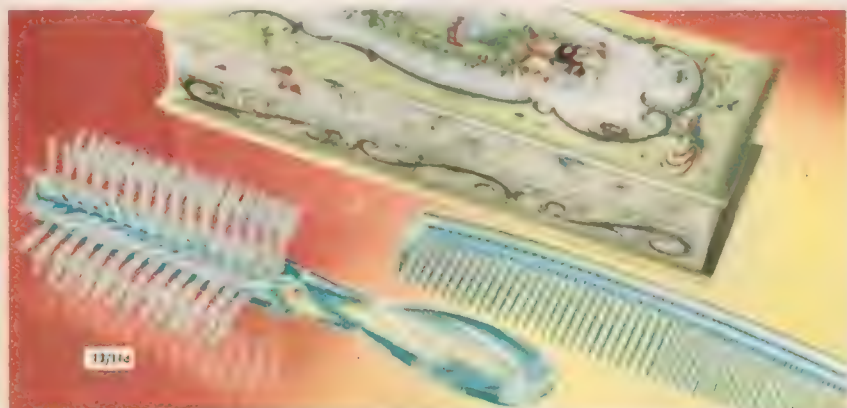
Voices called back to them and from behind me someone offered them fifty francs for the car as scrap. But Fargette began to bounce up and down, his baggy trousers ballooning, his great collar rising and falling about his ears and he shouted: "François! There's François—he'll fix it." He pretended to recognize someone. Then, followed by the others, he began to run across the ring. They came straight towards me.

I had a suspicion of what might happen and I think I even began to rise. But the spot swung round suddenly and isolated me. There I was, half risen in my seat, and I heard my own voice shout angrily: "No! No!"

Then my cry was swallowed in a

New *Addis* exchange service ends gift-choosing headache

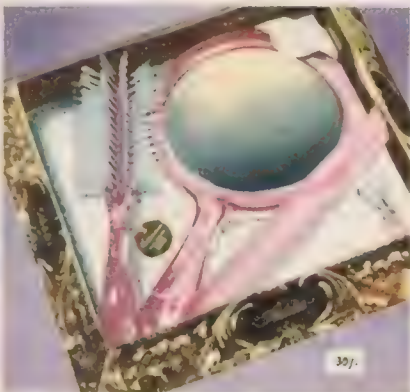
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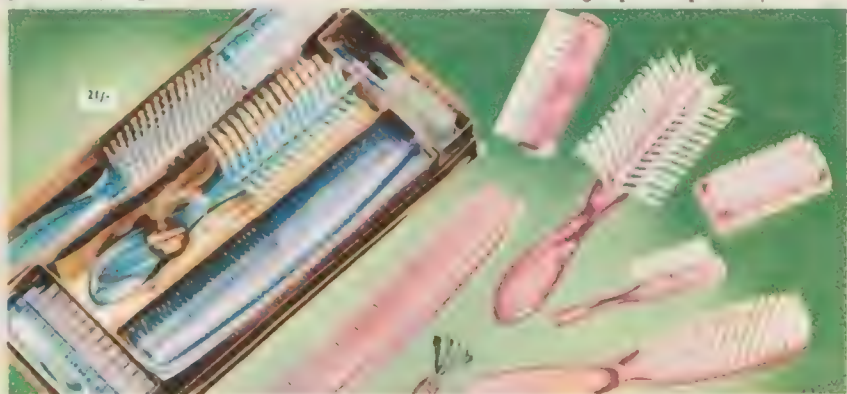
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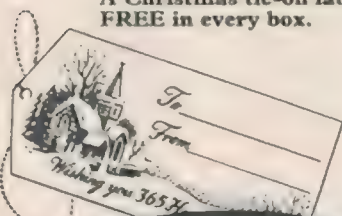
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burst of laughter from the audience as Fargette, Paviot, Sarasin and another were on me. They grabbed me and hauled me roughly into the ring.

"François! François!"

Laughing and pushing around me, they fought over my body. I was tripped and fell on my back. Someone squirted water in my face and I was half blinded. I struggled up and swung out at them, but I went down again and my ears were full of the laughter and delighted shouts of the audience, who saw it all as part of a carefully rehearsed act.

I got to my feet and began to run back... back towards the gendarme. I must have looked a fool: not desperate, but funny. I shouted something, but the next moment I was sprawling as Paviot tripped me and my mouth was full of sawdust. They jumped for me, picked me up by arms and legs and carried me into the centre of the ring, swinging me stretcher fashion and chanting my name. "François! François!"

They dumped me down and as I tried to rise, swearing at them and striking with my fists, Fargette jumped on my shoulders and clamped his legs round my neck. Sarasin kicked me skilfully in the side, and the breath went from me. I had no power to shout or resist. I was conscious only of the roaring crowd and this frenzied, dancing circle of clowns, their painted faces, red noses and weird clothes encircling me.

They rolled me over on to a large tarpaulin, grabbed the corners, and the next instant I was flying up into the air, arms and legs spread-eagled and the whole place reeling in front of my eyes. They caught me as I came down and I saw Sarasin's face leaning over me. It was painted with great streaks of red and yellow and his top hat was cocked to one side, and I could see the quick heave of his throat above the tight hard collar, and he was smiling grotesquely through the grease-paint.

FOR a second or two I lay there, so dazed I could not move. Fargette snatched up an enormous pepper pot and sprinkled me with sand while another clown from an equally large container flicked white chalk for salt over me. Then, with a great shout of triumph, they suddenly rolled me over and over in the sheet. They screwed me up in it as a sausage is wrapped in a pastry roll. I was in darkness and half-stifled and then almost sick with giddiness as they began to swing me round and round.

I felt myself dumped roughly in the car, and then heard the spluttering roar of its motor. I was jolted and bumped about as it drove off. Someone sat on

me heavily. I don't know what happened then. I heard the blare of the music die away and the roaring of the crowd thin to a faint murmur. Then a door clattered. I was lifted, was thrown, flying upwards, and then, still wrapped like a cocoon, crashed on to hardness. My head hit something and there was a galaxy of lights before my eyes.

It was the regular jolting and the sound of the engine which brought me out of my stupor. I struggled to a sitting position. I was on a wooden floor covered with a litter of straw.

A woman's hand came towards me, took my wrist gently and I heard Sophie say: "Are you all right?"

I said, "Yes," absently, and wondered what she was doing there. The floor jolted violently and I was tipped sideways. An arm held me and I turned my head to find that she was sitting beside me.

I said: "So you didn't get off to Paris?"

She smiled and put a hand up and brushed my hair from my forehead. "No."

"Where are we?"

"In one of the horrid box-cages."

I PULLED myself up a bit more and shook my head to get the blariness from my eyes, and suddenly my head cleared. I said urgently: "How did they know about you? Sophie, what's happened?"

For an answer she looked towards the far end of the lorry. I followed her gaze and in the shadows I saw two men sitting on a long packing case. They sat close together, their backs touching, both of them moving a little with the swing of the lorry. One was Fargette, still in his clown's clothes, and in his hand, glinting under the feeble light, I saw that he held an automatic. The sight of it reminded me of my own gun and instinctively my hand went to my overalls for it. It was gone.

But its loss hardly impinged on me. At that moment the second man swayed forward a little and the thin rays of the overhead light illuminated his face.

I couldn't believe it. I stared at him like an idiot. It couldn't be! It damned well couldn't be!

As I dropped back weakly against the wall of the lorry, the man sitting by Fargette began to chuckle. The chuckle grew to a laugh. I could see the tears squeeze from the corners of his small eyes, and the rich shake of his plump cheeks. The motion set his familiar toupee askew and his drooping Edwardian quiff trembled like the curled tail feather of a duck.

It was Mr. Leslie Dunwoody.

To be concluded next week

A DAY FOR MURDER

Continued from page 11

himself to destroy, even at the cost of his own destruction. Long ago that other man, Gavrilu Prinzip, must have looked like this.

Mirovic rose to his feet, a smile playing about his lips and his hands raised in the familiar gesture of greeting. There were no eyes for Miha or for me, pressing close to his back. With my hand clamped hard on the fingers that clutched the hidden grenade I thought: he can't draw the pin, but if he tries I shall have to shoot.

It would be the end of Miha. And as soon as the crowd's stupefaction flared into rage, it would be the end of me. But Mirovic would be all right.

The unseen gun nudged its message to Miha. Now it was entirely up to him. He had been ready to give his life for a purpose, but when that purpose could not be achieved, was he ready to die uselessly?

For long seconds the two of us were locked there. Then Miha, obeying the gun, backed slowly. The fingers under mine fluttered in surrender and I allowed his hand to come out of the pocket.

We must be out of the crowd before Mirovic began to speak, because after that, movement in this rapt audience would be impossible. For the first time

in my life I prayed that applause would go on and on.

It went on and on. . . . Spicer poured more wine and said over the music: "We could get him six months for being armed, but that's all. You can't prove intentions. Anyway, his usefulness is at an end." He looked up. "Here comes that young woman. You owe her a drink."

Nancy Holt sat down and said cheerfully, "I filed a few hundred words of colour stuff, but I don't expect they'll use more than a paragraph. It isn't as though anything happened."

"No," said Spicer blandly, "nothing happened. That is what we aim at." And to me: "By the way, Peter, I can send a signal that will bring your replacement within a week. He speaks a little Italian but no Slovene. No doubt he'll learn." He looked elaborately at the ceiling, while I scowled. Then, jabbing it home, he said, "After all, you've done your job."

I had done my job—this time. But the job itself was still there, and if I ran out it would not disappear with me. Some day the tangled problem of Trieste might be unravelled. I didn't know. What I did know was that until we saw that day, my place was here.

I said to Nancy Holt: "Come on, let's try that fancy samba of yours. I'm going to have lots of time to learn it."

THE END

WHO'S WHO?



They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the details below, can you provide each woman with her potted biography—and her name? The answers are on page 36.

- BORN:** A. Fifty-one years ago in New York, daughter of an impecunious musician.
 B. Fifty-eight years ago in Hampstead, London, daughter of a well-to-do business man.
- FIRST JOB:** C. Making party favours.
 D. A nurse in the first World War.
- HAS SAID:** E. "I do hope it is soon made easier for women to run their homes and have babies without unending drudgery."
 F. "I don't feel sorry for any woman who thinks the world owes her breakfast in bed."
- FAMOUS AS:** G. A political chauffeur.
 H. A rich publisher's political wife.

THE SECOND TRIP TO MARS

Continued from page 17

will go three hundred miles a second."
 "Too much," commented Humphrey. "Too fast altogether."

"Eighteen thousand miles a minute," said Pundershot. "Million miles in an hour. Speed like that is worthless. Well," he went on after a moment, gloomily cheerful, "expect I'll have to tear it down and put it together again."

Humphrey looked faintly dubious. He knew to a farthing what the projectile had cost him; experience taught that a second one would be at least four times as expensive.

"Er—what's it like inside?" he asked, putting off the moment of approving Pundershot's revised experiment.

"Nothing an amateur'd understand. False 'ull, suspended and padded, oxygen tank—machine's airtight—magnetic controls: 'on' and 'off.' Bit crowded because of the shock-absorbing mechanism between inner and outer 'ulls. Barely room for one, and dark. Want to 'ave a look round?"

HUMPHREY didn't particularly, but tact (mightn't Pundershot be offended if he showed no interest?) and shrewdness (after all, with a fellow like that the whole thing might be papier mâché) made him peer through the open hatch.

"Get in if you want," invited Pundershot. "Can't see much, but you can feel things."

"Well," said Humphrey doubtfully, "well. All right."

Pundershot's description of the interior was understatement. Humphrey saw nothing, felt only a foretaste of the coffin, tried to squirm back.

"'Ere!" called Pundershot from outside. "Watch what you're doing. The automatic 'atch closer is right next to your arm."

Naturally, Humphrey jerked his arm. It hit a button! The hatch cover snapped shut. "I say!" he cried, struggling to open the cylinder again.

Instead, he connected with the unseen "on" button. The projectile rejected the gravity of earth with

utter repulsion. Forty-eight million miles off, give or take a few furlongs, the planet Mars winked redly. The nose of the machine pointed precisely for it.

Humphrey Beachy-Cumberland's last thought as he tore through the earth's gaseous envelope was that he had provided a pension for Pundershot in his will. He wished he hadn't.

The Martians who surrounded him forty-eight hours later had reverted to barbarism a thousand generations before. The great cities had eroded into dust, knowledge had faded into fable and incantation, the delicate balances of a completely free, egalitarian, non-violent society had collapsed. Small tribes, so barbarous that leadership was not inherited, but assumed by the strongest or most cunning, warred perpetually on one another, eager for new victims.

Humphrey looked up into the impassive faces—the Martians all topped him by at least a head—noting the coarsely woven garments, the pale skins, wide chests, loosely held iron knives and hatchets.

"Water—please!" he gasped. He raised an imaginary glass to his lips. When there was no sign of comprehension, he cupped his hands and made exaggerated drinking noises. One Martian drew an ugly iron knife.

"Here!" said Humphrey sharply. "Put that down. You might hurt someone." He repeated his pantomime. The knife wielder paused.

"Water," repeated Humphrey, raising his voice despite his dry throat, knowing foreigners always managed to understand sooner or later if spoken to loudly and slowly enough.

MUCH later, Humphrey was on his knees at the edge of an unbelievably wide canal, assuaging his thirst with the dark, brackish water. His captors stood behind him, puzzled by this stunted creature who seemed without normal fear—without normal sense, either.

Humphrey gazed across the canal and peered up and down to where it disappeared into the horizon. "No real rivers, I suppose. Well, have to make a start somewhere; call this the Thames. Thames Canal."

He turned to the Martians. "Thames," he said distinctly. "Teh-mmms. Cahnal." He pointed to the engineering work built by their ancestors sixty thousand years earlier. "Fenutch Goobra," muttered a Martian.

"No, no," insisted Humphrey. "Thames. Thames Canal." He moved back to the water to wash his face and hands. "Have to do something about a decent bath. The beggars have iron; ought to be easy enough to make some sort of bath."

Daily baths were a necessity, but other necessities took immediate precedence.

"Well," he said briskly, "can't stand about here all day. What about a spot of food now? Food. Foo-ood."

Humphrey was distressed to discover just how backward the Martians were. They didn't even have the institution of the family. Tribes were divided along the lines of—h'm—gender. Boys remained with the women till they were old enough to join in the endless war with other tribes, returning only for—er—for carnal purposes. It was all thoroughly immoral.

His captors still strove to nerve themselves to kill him, but merely trying was a little harder every day. It was quite absurd and a trifle indecent to violate custom and the fundamental code—you shall not let a stranger live—this way, but never before had a stranger been so completely unco-operative. He refused to shrink in the face of threats or threatening gestures. They decided to let him live till next month—or even the month after. Meanwhile, now that they understood some of his words, possibly they could learn a few tricks to overcome the neighbouring tribes.

Humphrey had no intention of being useful that way. To fight for Queen and country was an occasional disagreeable—and glorious—necessity. There was neither necessity nor glory

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in these aboriginal clashes. They were merely nasty.

Nevertheless, he inadvertently increased the power of the tribe and his own prestige. In these regions there were neither trees nor animals—so weapons were crudely forged from the oxidized iron lying so abundantly on the sands. Coal, too, was plentiful, cropping up in ridges. Humphrey, as a stockholder and director, had conscientiously studied his ironworks. Though no metallurgist, he could make coke from coal for a stronger, lighter metal than the Martians used for their clumsy tools. He produced knives which cut rather than sawed, hoes to cultivate with, shovels and picks to dig the less common ores.

The Martians saw the advantages of his methods and made themselves better battle-axes. Humphrey considered battle-axes contrary to progress.

"Look here," he said to a young Martian who had been among the first to copy his manner of smelting and forging. "This won't do, you know."

"Squirrup chedges," murmured the young Martian.

"Nonsense," said Humphrey. "You can talk properly enough if you put your mind to it. Now then, why do you people want to fight among yourselves all the time?"

"Foo-wud," tried the Martian haltingly. "Wo-min."

"Yes," reflected Humphrey. "To be sure. Of course." He pondered. "Your name's Tom Smith, isn't it?"

"Mogolum Tu."

"That's not a name. Believe me, you're much better off as Tom Smith. Now then, about food and—er—women. You see how easy it is to grow bigger plants by using better hoes. Now we can rig up a plough, and, by planting instead of trusting to luck, there will be more than this tribe can eat, even if all feast every day. As for—uh—women, that can be managed better, too." Delicately, he explained the advantages of monogamous marriage.

A FEW years later, Henry was pre-occupied with a grave problem. It had nothing to do with the iron water wheel now creaking and clanking in the Thames Canal to bring irrigating water to sands uncultivated for millennia, nor the improved looms for finer weaving, nor negotiations with still another tribe considering joining the peaceful and prosperous federation. It did not even concern the group of dissidents around Henry Green—formerly Thotcho Gor—who protested that Tom Smith and Mister—as Humphrey was called—were going too far and too fast.

Humphrey's problem was holy orders. Broad Church himself, he knew little theology, always having left such matters to the vicar. The phrase "apostolic succession" floated through his mind: one could not instruct selected natives in the gist of the Book of Common Prayer—he could remember long passages—and set them up to administer the sacraments. To think of it smacked of nonconformity.

Yet how were the marriages he had arranged to be regularized? True, even irregular monogamy was preferable to the old conditions, but it was still irregular. And what of baptism and burial?

Reluctantly, he compromised. A ship's captain, he argued, performed valid marriages and committed bodies to the deep. Why not the captain of a planet beyond the seas of earth? He soothed his conscience by calling his students "deputy vicar" or "acting curate."

Now, whatever happened to him—and he was aware that Henry Green's anti-Mister faction had grown dangerously since the extension of civilization to the tribes beyond the Serpentine and Avon canals—there would be men to teach the young and instil decorum into those whose behaviour might otherwise become scandalous.

Meanwhile, he kept a growing group of assistants vastly busy.

In 1897 they launched the first steamship on the Thames Canal. Humphrey had worked out a Martian calendar using earth years; its defect

lay in his uncertainty of the exact date of his arrival, so he was never entirely easy about celebrating the Queen's birthday, and Boxing Day was distinctly a hit-or-miss affair. But the launching unquestionably occurred in 1897, ten years after he landed.

This was the year banknotes were engraved and the Martians taught the fine points of property and to sell things for eight and sixpence ha'penny instead of giving them away. Wages and property and commerce, profits, dividends and unemployment—what a blessing civilization was!

The issue of Henry Green and his followers could be put off no longer. Humphrey had broadsides printed, explaining the parliamentary system, responsible government and constitutional rule. At the first election, Tom Smith was returned for New Brighton on the Tweed Canal. Enough supporters were elected for him to form a government with himself as Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Robert Jones—born Poromby Lusu—as First Lord of the Admiralty. Henry Green was, of course, Leader of the Opposition. Tactfully, the adjective "Loyal" was not insisted upon.

WITH the political situation settled, economic and religious conditions flourishing, Humphrey turned to culture. A weekly Times foreshadowed a daily, a public school was founded, an Encyclopedia Martiana projected. A philosophical society and an art academy were discussed and steps taken to form a philharmonic orchestra. Humphrey had the alloyed pleasure of turning the first telescope Earthwards and the pure joy of eating the first Martian crumpet.

He was only fifty-five in 1917 when the last wild tribes gave up their independence. That was the year Tom Smith finally resigned the Liberal leadership to Herbert Noro. Humphrey's influence in the matter of name changing was weakening; the clergy buttressed it so far as first names went, but the tendency to retain the old Martian surnames grew. It was also the year Humphrey started building Cumberland House and landscaping the flower gardens leading from it down to the Severn Canal.

Though fifty-five was a ridiculously early age to consider retirement, he found less and less to do. Everything was in good hands. If he looked askance at some of the doings of his protégés, he would not deny the Martians were doing well. There was good stuff in them.

He did not travel much; when you've seen one Martian canal you've seen them all. He revised and enlarged the plans for Cumberland House; he supervised the masons and glaziers; he kept gardeners busy. He gave some time to compiling an edition of *Landed Martian Gentry*.

But largely he spent his days talking over old times. One Guy Fawkes Day he sat down, dressed for dinner, in excellent spirits. His butler served a plate of lichen broth and was withdrawing when Humphrey called, "Wait! I—" and collapsed.

He was buried in his gardens; a stone he had designed was put up over his grave.

HUMPHREY HOWARD CLARENCE
BEACHY-CUMBERLAND
ESQUIRE

Formerly of Buckinghamshire
Who always remembered the land of
his birth

Sean McDairuid Murphy, an American anthropologist, led the United Nations Interplanetary Expedition of

WHO'S WHO?

B D E G are the clues on page 35 which help to identify the woman on the left as Mrs. Violet Helen Attlee, wife of the leader of the Opposition. She often drives her husband to engagements.

A C F H are the clues which identify the woman on the right as Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, U.S. ambassador to Italy and wife of Henry Luce, the publisher.



"At least it's a chance to get your blue suit cleaned"

2002, so far as the other nationals in it—Yasu Matsuhara excepted—acknowledged any leadership.

Sergei Gobiniev, the ethnologist, carried on a cold feud with the philologist, Hyacinthe Langois, on whether Martian civilization would have terrestrial analogies. Luis Alemeda, the geologist, was convinced neither humans nor any history of them would be found.

The expedition was to have included a sixth member, Sir David Rabinovits. But since the United Kingdom withdrew from the Canadian-Australian-New Zealand-African-West Indian Commonwealth in 1990, Westminster had shown little interest in new horizons. Sir David had been dropped and the expedition left without a biologist.

"As well," said Langois. "Who can tell what comes from perfidious Albion?"

"'Perfidious,' yes, that's the word," muttered Gobiniev. "A rootless cosmopolitan, gilded by a corrupt, imperialist labour government; undoubtedly he was ordered to work against the People's Democracies. Like the toadies of the so-called Fifth Republic."

"Don't be silly," said Sean Murphy. "There's much to be laid at the door of Johnny Bull—Ireland is still divided—but using Dave Rabinovits as an agent wouldn't be part of it. They wouldn't pay Dave's way because they don't care about Mars or the U.N. or anything else but some silly celebration they're having this year."

THE party made a beautiful landing not ten miles from where Humphrey's projectile had ploughed up the sands. It was now a planetary park, kept primitively intact.

"Desert," crowed Doctor Alemeda. "Sterile desert."

Langois shook his head obstinately, scanning the sands through field glasses. A dust cloud appeared, resolving into a crowd of people. "What did I tell you? Men! And, I hope, women also."

"Those bits of colour seem to be flags," said Matsuhara.

"Impossible," said Murphy. "Some evolutionary quirk."

"Union Jacks," identified Alemeda. "A plot!" cried Gobiniev. "A trick to discredit the U.S.S.R.!"

An engine on wide iron wheels puffed black smoke ahead of a multi-doored, enclosed car. It stopped short of the projectile; the crowd on foot pressed close behind. The carriage doors opened and Martians came forward, dressed in tubular trousers and double-breasted coats.

One of them, top hat in left hand, extended his right.

"From Earth, I presume?" asked

the Martian. "Jolly good show."

"Oh, no," said Murphy. "Oh, no!" "How is it you don't speak Russian?" growled Gobiniev.

"Are you Russians?" inquired the Martian coldly. "Crimea and Turkestan? The bear that walks like a man?"

"Only one," explained Alemeda. "I am myself of Uruguay."

"Ah, the Banda Oriental—the land we lost." I presume there is also a Frenchman? Possibly an American?"

Matsuhara said diffidently: "We are surprised to find you speak English."

"Really? Yet we aren't surprised to find you using it. But let bygones be bygones. I'm Austen Aboxu, Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Defence. Welcome—officially this time—to Mars. Since we first sighted you we've been getting up a reception at the New Oxford Guildhall. Come as you are—I don't suppose you're prepared to dress anyway!"

IN a slight daze, the expedition heard his apologetic offer of a lift in his railway carriage. "Its a bit primitive; we're not much on land vehicles. Ships now—we rather pride ourselves there. Rule the waves and all that."

Martian Coldstream Guards with imitation bearskins being stationed around the projectile, they entered the carriage. "Naturally, we were disappointed this wasn't a British go," said the Prime Minister. "But I expect there'll be one along any day now. Muddling through, of course. England loses every battle but the last one."

"So they say," mumbled Murphy.

"Now let me give you an idea of what will be going on at the Guildhall. The Acting Archbishop of Mars first; afraid you'll find him a bore. The Dean's worse. However, we must respect the cloth. I hope now they'll send us out some proper chaps, ordained and all that sort of thing."

"No doubt," said Murphy numbly.

"Then the Leader of the Opposition will have a few well-chosen. He'll be followed by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Lord Lieutenant of the Martian Poles—"

There were all these and many more, all with long speeches of welcome to the explorers from "our foster-mother planet." Between speeches, the party nibbled at fillet of pressed Martian grass, Mars sprouts à la Gladstone and *Canalgae aux pommes de Mars*.

At length, Sean Murphy asked permission to speak. He began doubtfully: "I was commissioned by the United Nations to take possession of this planet in the name of the U.N.—"

Prime Minister Aboxu stopped him with a quick wave of the hand. "I'm



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afraid you can't do that, you know."
"Well," said Murphy, "I can see you're civilized; it's not like taking over an empty world. Perhaps you'll want to join the U.N. yourselves?"

"I'm afraid you don't understand," said the Prime Minister gently. "We're not a nation. We owe our first and full allegiance to the Crown. After all, this is Her Majesty's dominion of Mars and it is entirely up to Her Majesty—acting upon my advice—whether we join this—uh—United Nations thing."

"The fourth British Empire," muttered Sean Murphy. "Kathleen ni Houlihan, is there no justice?"

"Tomorrow," said the Prime Minister suavely, "we've rather a treat. There'll be a match past of police in the morning; a cricket match before tea; and a reconstruction—we've all the songs, but the words are a bit sketchy—of *Pinafore* in the evening. I hope you'll overlook our colonial shortcomings. But there are things we're most anxious to hear about. First, the Queen, Her Majesty. She is—dead?"

"Not as far as I know," answered Murphy carelessly.

"But—it hardly seems possible. She is so old."

"Old? Oh, not so very, the way they look at age now."

MR. ABOXU was puzzled. The Crown was immortal—but the Queen? No, no; he remembered his history too well. Still alive? He understood the difference between Earth and Martian years, even with the confusion of a Martian calendar based on terrestrial rotation, and could usually translate them in his head, but the exciting day and his brief but telling defence of the dignity of the Crown confused him. It did seem that Her Majesty must be nearly two hundred, but perhaps there were new ways of reckoning since Mister's day. No, that would hardly—ah, but science; Mister always regretted not knowing more of science and spoke of the time when life would be lengthened through its discoveries.

Langois dredged his memory to please his hosts: "They rejoice in England this year. It is the Queen's Jubilee."

The Jubilee? But that was the year Mister had arrived. The Golden Jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of her reign. This must be—the hundred and sixty-fifth. No doubt of some special significance Mister had neglected to mention. "The Jubilee. Naturally. We're celebrating here, too."

The master of ceremonies tapped impatiently. "Port, if you please. I know we all wish to drink to our visitors."

"Ah," sighed Gobiniev.

"So, first, our customary toast . . . Mr. Prime Minister."

Mr. Aboxu rose and held his wine-glass. Everyone at the table, including the explorers, following his example.

"Gentlemen," said the Right Honourable Austen Aboxu, P.C., M.P., Member, Royal Martian Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, his voice trembling slightly, "The Queen!"

They drank, and all snapped the stems of their glasses so no lesser toasts might ever be drunk from them again. In this, as in so much else, they did as Humphrey had taught them. It had new meaning now that, for the first time since Mister's day, Home seemed so close.

THE END

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

Continued from page 15

mock Tudor and the chromium contemporary, there survives just a fragment of the old villages that were engulfed in Birmingham's eruption—the church with its Norman tower at Northfield, a fourteenth-century school at Kings Norton, a thirteenth-century manor house at Bournville. Such intimations of history were long ago submerged: but is it not odd that the Birmingham housewife, going shopping in her suburban centre, is still apt to say that she is "going down the village"?

The fact is that, in so far as any community feeling stirs in him at all, the Brummie—this strange chromium-plated villager—cleaves not to the big city, but to his suburb, from dignified old Edgbaston nearest the centre (with its old shibboleth of being accented on the first syllable) to up-and-coming Acocks Green on the easternmost fringe.

At intervals, the Outer Circle buses, ploughing around their twenty-four mile orbit, cross one of the thirteen radial roads that strike off into town. Let us change buses at a "TO THE CITY" bus stop.

For a while, the dual-carriageways, the green verges, the bright, impersonal suburban scene continues; and then, quite suddenly, the bus plunges into a dense mass of dingy back-to-back hovels, honeycombed, sometimes eighty to the acre, inextricably mixed with factories and workshops, pushing right up to the very threshold of the city's central streets.

That is the second Birmingham—mighty monument to our great-grandfathers' fervent faith in the free interplay of economic forces.

One-way Maelstrom

Then, just as suddenly, we are into the town, up New Street, up Corporation Street, the buses advancing like tanks, three or four abreast the narrow street, sucked into this one-way maelstrom from all over the Midlands, whirling around into Bull Street, the flow dammed for a moment at the traffic lights while people surge across the road, then round again, round into Colmore Row, with the banks and the romantically crumbling cathedral with its flaming Burne-Jones windows (Burne-Jones, astonishingly, was a Brummie), and then round again, the florid Council House, the pillared Town Hall, copied by Joseph (Cab) Hansom from the Temple of Jupiter Stator in Rome, and Queen Victoria on her plinth. Then quickly, out again, by the long-heralded, still fragmentary and forlorn Civic Centre.

And that's Birmingham, that was. Birmingham No. 3, the Birmingham of the business visitor, a stunted triangle of hotels, railway stations, offices and two shopping streets.

Many English cities today suffer from congested centres. Many, vividly alive at their extremities, are decaying at their hearts. These are the most prevalent civic diseases of our time; but to Birmingham they are all but fatal. Engineering works, their batteries of presses thumping and clanging, march up to Snow Hill Station. The slums form a thick, choking belt, drawn tight about the City.

Both in its size and complexity, the

Far too good to miss . . .

. . . Norden and Muir's hilarious Christmas Party Supplement (see page 27), and the first part of Mollie M. Kaye's thrilling new novel "A Trip To Berlin" (see page 22). Order next week's JOHN BULL today.

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problem thus posed is appalling. But the challenge has been accepted. For in Birmingham there is a tradition. In the mid-seventies, in what was probably the first slum clearance scheme in municipal history, Joseph Chamberlain drove Corporation Street, straight and sweeping, through a nest of slums in the city's heart, purchased by the municipality for the then unheard-of sum of £1,500,000.

Chamberlain's Corporation Street is today one of Birmingham's principal shopping streets—and a fine source of revenue to the city, which still owns the freehold. But, still, the slums press about it.

And so now the city is going forward again with a plan which, in its boldness and vision, is worthy of the great Joe himself.

Demolition gangs are already at work, cutting a broad swathe around the city, embracing five separate "re-development areas," a thousand acres of densely packed central Birmingham. Over the next twenty years, they will sweep away 32,170 houses, 278 business premises, 3,716 shops and many hundreds of small workshops and factories.

Around the city's congested central streets will go an Inner Ring road, to carry the buses and through traffic, freeing the central streets for pedestrians and shoppers. And to give them elbow room on the pavements and shelter from the rain, the ground floors of the shops will be stepped back, and the streets arcaded.

Underground Road

Paul S. Cadbury, Cadbury's sales director and an old town planning committee ally of Herbert J. Manzoni, the city's go-ahead Engineer, says that by 2002 every British family will have a car (instead of merely one in four as at present)—and the fine new Inner Ring road will therefore dive underground at various points to carry the extra volume of traffic.

Wellsian? Utopian? Little but what is already on paper and approved by the city council, says Cadbury.

And therein lies the paradox of "Britain's Second City." For, though so largely lacking in widespread civic consciousness and pride, in the great story of English municipal government Birmingham has often figured as a pace-setter. As early as 1917, for instance, the city was planning the vast system of wide dual-carriageway ring and radial roads appropriate to the petrol age, which today still give parts of it an almost "futuristic" look. "Forward" is the city's motto, and forward has been its action.

For, if the "Birmingham Man" has yet to emerge, of outstanding Birmingham men there has been no lack.

The story of every city, when you

get down to it, is a story of so many owing so much to so few, and Birmingham has been fortunate in its few, a group of notable individuals and patrician business families, the Chamberlains, the Martineaus, the Cadburys, the Barrows, who made the progress of the city their constant concern down the years.

In the 1870s, Joseph Chamberlain, three times mayor, brought the newest methods of Big Business to civic affairs, boldly buying up private gas and water undertakings and blazing the trail of "Municipal Socialism" across the land.

His son Neville, when Lord Mayor, provided the strange spectacle—strange anywhere other than Birmingham, that is—of a Tory business man fighting commercial interests to establish the Birmingham Municipal Bank which, still unique in England, now handles the accounts of half the citizens of Birmingham through its sixty-seven branches.

Hillocks Of Rubble

The first of the Birmingham Cadburys was Richard Tapper Cadbury, a draper from Devonshire, appointed Chairman of the Street Commissioners, who then ran the town, in 1836. And ever since there have been Cadburys all over the place in civic life, bringing to it their own peculiar brand of quiet, but very practical, Quaker idealism.

I took a bus out to Duddeston and Nechells, where work on the first of the five redevelopment areas is under way. Few exits from Birmingham are drearier or more depressing than this one, but, now, as the gasholders and railway yards of Saltley came in sight, among the warren of mean streets I suddenly saw—space.

There was a wide empty triangle of land where half a dozen children were playing among hillocks of rubble and coarse grass. Nearby rose five or six flat-blocks, twelve storeys high and widely spaced.

I stirred the rubble with my foot. Before long they would be laying down green turf here and planting trees and shrubs between the high flat-blocks. Schools, community centres, libraries and churches would be grouped around the nineteen acres of green open spaces.

When all five central areas have been thus redeveloped, housing 50,000 people, Birmingham will be a city transformed. For the first time it will be able to breathe freely. At last its citizens will be able to stand back, see their city whole and recognize its greatness.

Although mean streets still hemmed in the area so far cleared, I noticed an odd thing about them. New slates on a roof here, a new front door farther down the street, a rebuilt chimney



Gardening's hard work. But Mr. Bwyne loves it. Says it (and Bovril goodness) keeps him fit.



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says Mrs. Bwyne of Bristol

"WHAT a lovely garden!" is your first thought when you visit Mrs. Bwyne of Bristol in the summer. (Gardening is Mr. Bwyne's hobby.) "And what healthy girls", you add, when you meet the three daughters.

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TOWN COUNTY.....

Consider your verdict

by
RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.



IT WAS RAINING when Darcy left home; he had twenty minutes to catch his train, and to miss it would lose him a valuable contract. The railway station was on the other side of the city, so he hailed a taxi and told Bill, the driver, his destination.

Bill was dismayed, for he was hoping that, in the rain, he would get a series of profitable short fares; Darcy's journey would waste a lot of his time.

He explained this, and Darcy, anxious to catch his train, said: "Get me to the station in less than twenty minutes and I'll give you five pounds over the normal fare." Bill accepted promptly.

During the journey, Darcy decided that he was being over-generous; when the taxi drew up at the station a quarter of an hour later, he gave Bill only the correct fare and a small tip.

Bill said forcefully that he had

been cheated, and when he threatened to call a policeman Darcy handed over the extra £5 as agreed; but he made a note of Bill's number.

A few days later, Bill received a letter from Darcy's solicitors. "Unless the five pounds is repaid within seven days," he read, "we are instructed to institute legal proceedings without further notice."

The letter also stated that Bill had no right to demand or accept anything other than the correct fare.

Bill refused to pay the money back and Darcy sued him.

"Darcy made a perfectly plain offer, and I accepted it," Bill told the judge. "That resulted in a contract, and he cannot back out of it."

Darcy replied: "A taxi driver is not permitted to make any agreement of this nature, and I am in no way bound to keep my promise."

What is your verdict? For the legal position, turn to page 42

there. The whole place was so thoroughly patched up that it looked as if the landlord must have experienced an overnight "conversion."

This, oddly enough, was more or less what had happened.

To clear the decks for its redevelopment programme, the city council had purchased all the streets and blocks and mazes of houses within the five areas. It thus found itself overnight one of the biggest slum landlords in Britain. The council faced its responsibility stoutly.

Each Is Surveyed

A Central Areas Management Department was organized. The first step, explained Philip Hughes, an official of the department, is a survey of each house by a corporation building inspector. For all except houses scheduled for demolition in the next year or two, a minimum standard has been established. A water-closet, for instance, would not now be shared by more than two dwellings—instead of, sometimes, five. Electricity would be installed; and so on. In the light of this standard, the inspectors then prepare for each house a schedule of work to be done, and one of the score or so small

building firms employed is put on to the job.

With Hughes, I explored a slum area. We dived up a long, narrow passage that led off the pavement—one of a series of long, dark tunnels that pierced the terrace—and emerged in a courtyard a few yards square. This was, in effect, the bottom of a well formed by the shabby brick walls of the houses built around it, back-to-back and one room deep. Each house had one room down, one up, and a roof-lit attic, and in this particular court there were nine houses, although a court can go up to twelve—quite possibly fifty people served by the one small courtyard with, in its classic form, its standpipe and water-closet.

One housewife invited me in to see what a "good job" the miraculous new landlord had made of her once crumbling house. She showed me the new light switch, the new plaster on the living-room walls, new floorboards, the rebuilt wash-house, and the little kitchen annexe built out on to the back of the house to take the sink when the water had been laid on. (Five thousand houses, when the corporation took over, had no internal water supply.)

So far, Birmingham has spent

£2,500,000—an average of £180 a house—in this way. That is a lot of money to spend on obsolescent houses. Does it make sense? Walk down any of these streets, as I did, talk to a few of the women, notice the steel windows here, the re-painted walls there—notice, too, how the atmosphere of the entire street has been transformed by these modest attentions: and you will not long be at a loss for an answer.

For slums are not wholly a problem of the type of housing; slums are a symptom of social apathy and decay. In Birmingham today, a clean, bracing breeze is sweeping at last through these slums of the spirit.

Not everybody, of course, is eager to leave behind the free-and-easy camaraderie of the mean streets for a suburban garden and lace curtains—at perhaps four or five times the old slum rent.

But the young people want to go, and they persuade the old ones. They tell their mothers: "Of course we're going—we'll help to make up the extra rent. We'll save half a crown for baths for a start. . . ."

Collars And Ties

So in Birmingham the slums are decisively on the retreat—and the old-working-class life is going with them. The collars and ties and the lace curtain, for good or for ill, are coming up fast.

With the slums and sunless courtyards will be carried away a maze of small workshops inextricably entangled with them. For Birmingham is a city of 13,000 factories—most of them very small. What is to become of these "little men"?

The city planners have not forgotten them. An architect was dispatched to gather ideas in Denmark, Holland and Switzerland. Now, in the Council House, I saw plans for six-storey "flatted factories," complete with car parks, internal loading bays, and goods lifts.

A completely new departure in Britain, these "factory flats" are likely to become an essential part of the central redevelopment scheme. For Birmingham knows that it could not go on for a day without its hordes of "backyard industrialists," with their infinite range of specializations, intricately interlocking—the foundation on which the city's unrivalled industrial versatility is built.

Take the story of Cadburys.

In the late twenties of the last century a draper's son named John Cadbury was often to be found in the cellar of his small Bull Street shop, grinding up cocoa beans with a pestle and mortar, trying to make chocolate—which until then had been a French monopoly. In 1831, he took over a small factory, and sixteen years later had graduated to a twenty horsepower steam engine and forty workers.

In 1953, Cadburys, Bournville, is the biggest chocolate factory in the world, drawing nine thousand workers from all over the Black Country and West Midlands. The guides who conduct round the works the daily streams of visitors from all over the world walk two-and-a-half miles on each round trip.

Disney-like Factory

Chocolate! Just one of Birmingham's 1,500 trades; just the idea of one "little man" who found and filled a growing need; just one of the reasons why this fortunate, if characterless, city has never really known the meaning of the word "Depression."

I went to Bournville.

Walt Disney, I often think, owes a good deal of his inspiration to the modern mass-production factory. Or perhaps the production engineers owe something to him? Anyhow, the Milk Tray assembly line at Bournville is the purest Disney—in Technicolor.

Coming into view at one end of a long building, the conveyor belt is patterned with the outlines of the chocolates' centres. Ten by ten, row by row, the outlines move by, like an army.

White-overalled girls are sorting out the army. Each girl is responsible for two centres. It is her task and mission to see that each centre catches its

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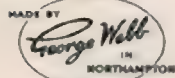
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Dark brown shoes need Tonette or Dark Tan

proper outline in the rows that pass by.

The hands dart to and fro across the outlines. Steadily, remorselessly, the ranks of the centres fill up. The conveyor belt rides sedately on, the confectionery parade, ten by ten, pink centres and white and brown and green, oblong, diamond-shaped and oval, receding into the distance to the martial strains of Music While You Work.

Halfway down the long room, Doom awaits in the shape of a large vat of molten chocolate, being steadily churned in great dark velvet whorls (Disney getting a shade sinister now). As the gallant centres advance, unwavering flags flying, a thick sticky curtain of molten chocolate oozes over and envelops them.

Twiddles Pay Well

On the other side of this "enrober," another corps of white-overalled girls go into action along the conveyor belt, putting the final touches on the now brown-coated column. Again, each girl is responsible for two chocolates in the rank. I watched one girl, armed with a light, two-pronged fork, execute brief twiddles over her charges as they rode by.

A trifle monotonous? Well, the belt stops for five minutes in every hour. There is music. And the girls at this end are "decorators," which is a Grade One job carrying better pay. The girls with the little forks are envied.

All the same, from where I stood it was almost sensationally clear that—as in any mass-production factory—there were two sorts of machine along the conveyor belt. There are machines of iron and steel, and there are machines of flesh and blood. Every firm looks carefully after its inanimate machines; employs production engineers at high salaries to plan their design and deployment. Not every firm devotes the same thought to its human machines, though they are infinitely more complex and delicate.

It is the distinction and pride of Cadburys that they do—and have done for years.

For many years, for instance, boys and girls entering the factory from school have been given careful introductory courses. Parents' conferences are held, addressed by directors and departmental heads. The works has a considerable Education Department, with a staff of physical training instructors (the first appointed in 1902), two gymnasiums, two covered swimming baths, and playing fields. Everyone under eighteen is taught—in working hours—to swim; everyone under eighteen goes also one day a week to the Bournville Day Continuation College.

Democratic Network

Long before "industrial democracy" became a catchword, the Cadburys, working on simple Quaker principles, were putting it into practice at Bournville.

From men's and women's committees set up in 1902 to administer a works suggestion scheme, there has grown a highly developed network of works councils and shop committees, composed half of management and half of worker members elected by the various sections of the factory.

To them, directors and departmental chiefs make reports on progress, plans and problems, putting the workers in the picture. Under the councils come the men's, women's and youths' mixed tribunals, which "try" the more serious disciplinary offences.

The aim is to see that everyone is brought into the factory community. The workers' representatives on the councils report back to local shop committees in the sections which elect them. Once a year, each council has a general meeting, to which all workers are invited.

All this, perhaps, sounds a little too good to be true in this sad, bad world. Is it then, as is sometimes alleged, mere window-dressing, a large dose of soothing syrup, keeping the workers docile and undercutting trade union solidarity?

The facts do not support such an

attitude. Most leading works council members are, in fact, also the most active trade unionists. Trade union organization at Cadburys is strong: the Transport and General Workers' Union alone has three thousand members there. The secretary of the workers' side of the men's council is also branch secretary of the T.G.W.U., with his own office provided in the factory. The firm, indeed, encourages its workers to take up any form of public service and makes up their pay to the extent of 95 per cent when they are away on it.

Then, of course, there is Bournville Village itself. Begun in 1895 by the last George Cadbury, with the idea of providing pleasant housing for his workpeople, it was one of the very first of our garden cities. Today, only four out of every ten Bournville residents work at Cadburys. Many own their houses on long leases, but the freehold was retained all through by the Cadbury family, and is now vested in the Village Trust.

The astonishing thing about Bournville is how often—and how far—it was ahead of the times. When municipalities were still covering the country with vast one-class barrack-like estates, at Bournville they were already carefully mixing the more costly and the humbler houses, so that a works manager, for the good of his soul, might find himself living next door to one of his mechanics. In the same way, they were developing "neighbourhood centres," carefully preserving the trees and natural amenities and so on.

The result is that to come into Bournville today on the Outer Circle bus, steadily trundling around the bright new, rather brittle, suburbs, is to enter an oasis of greenness and calm and maturity. The trees are taller, the grass seems greener, the houses grow into their background—and the peace is not really disturbed by faint odours of hot chocolate sometimes borne on the passing breeze.

And then comes the feeling once again: is it not all just a little too perfect to be altogether real?

Inn Is Teetotal

One stares at the sign of the Old Farm Inn, swinging gently in the breeze. Set in well-groomed lawns and flower-beds, the exterior is beautifully kept up; the interior furnished with just the right amount of modernity. No raucous laughter, no rude voices disturb the tranquillity—nothing, in fact, but the occasional tinkle of teacups and the munching of toasted tea-cakes. For this "inn"—the only one on the Bournville estate—is strictly non-alcoholic.

One crosses the lovely village green, with its high roofed Rest House in the centre, its Meeting House in one corner and its parish church on the other, its junior school with carillon belfry on one side, and its day continuation school with iron-grilled gateway on the other. And then one goes over the road to the line of half-timbered shops, each with its sign lettered in the same uniform script of carefully considered size and design.

And the same perverse little doubts stir again, and it is with a feeling of something like relief that one notes the row of vulgar coloured postcards of fat women that have somehow crept into the stationer's shop window.

But there it all is . . . the backstreet firm—the basis of industrial Birmingham—grown to a gigantic, prosperous organization. For backstreet firms do not always stay in the back streets for ever.

THE END

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 41, the judge said that a taxi driver has no legal right to demand any money from a passenger over the correct fare. If the passenger offers the money, the driver should not accept it. If he takes it, he is liable to repay it, and can also be prosecuted criminally. Bill had to return the £5.



SHOOT FIRST!

Continued from page 22

on at least one other raid. I spent the next two weeks with the bomber crew. I flew with them on eight raids, and filmed everything about them except their dreams. When the story was finished I sent it back to London with pride. I knew I'd done a good job.

Three weeks later I got a cable from my office: WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHY. TECHNIQUE GOOD. MOST INTERESTING TREATMENT. EVENTS IN EUROPE SO IMPORTANT AND OUTSTANDING FOR NEWSREEL MATERIAL REGRET CANNOT USE YOUR BURMA BOMBING STORY. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

"Don't worry, old boy," said Noel Monks of the *Daily Mail* when I told him of the cable. "When the war's over in Europe, and it won't be long now, they will be crying out for anything at all. Those boys will want their weekly two hundred feet of blood. And soon there won't be any other place dishing it up."

I never did get the "blood" in Burma. Our landing on Rangoon was unopposed. The Japs, already cracking up under the Fourteenth Army pressure, pulled back and let us in without a fight. Luckily for my film, the Burmese and Chinese civilians turned out in full force and gave us a great welcome as we steamed alongside the docks.

Yes, Rangoon made a story. The streets were filthy, the sewage system had been disrupted, the people seemed to be living like dead-end kids, and the whole town smelled of rotting rice which the Japanese had collected, but because of our continual bombing had been unable to ship out of the port.

Tea With Mr. Lee

The civilians, however, were surprisingly fatalistic about the bombing. We were invited to a Chinese house by Mr. Lee, whom we met in the main street. He spoke English quite well, and insisted we went with him for tea. In a small house on a side street he told us of the Japanese occupation.

"Do you have a family, Mr. Lee?" asked Clive Graham of the *Daily Express*.

"Very sorry, Mr. Graham, wife killed by bomb, he-he-he-he." Mr. Lee chuckled nervously after every sentence. "Daughter she killed by bomb, too," he went on. His whole family had been wiped out by Allied bombers. I had probably filmed the bombs on the way down towards Mr. Lee's home and family. It did not ease my conscience to give Mr. Lee a packet of army rations. . . .

The navy was about to make an anti-Japanese shipping sweep down the

Burma coast from Rangoon—south to Moulmein and across to the Nicobar and Andamans, where it had been reported that the Japanese were evacuating their troops.

I applied for permission to go on the operation and reported on board a destroyer. The captain gave me a briefing. "Frankly, old boy, I don't think we'll see much," he said. "We'll open fire on anything that moves. We may even do a bombardment on the coast, but I'm afraid you'll be unlucky as far as real action is concerned."

The Signals Flashed

For two days we steamed along the coast and saw nothing but the coastline and the rolling blue sea. Then, late one afternoon, the signals began to flash from the senior ship. Suddenly, we changed course and ploughed through the sea as though there was not a moment to lose.

The captain looked at me with a grin of pleasant anticipation. "With a bit of luck, you're going to get a hell of a story. If we can get there in time. The R.A.F. have sunk two vessels loaded with Jap troops. We've got orders to pick up survivors for the Intelligence people, so keep your fingers crossed, old man."

The three destroyers made full speed ahead. Three hours later we sighted wreckage, and then saw the shaven Japanese heads bobbing about in the water, which by now was quite calm. We deployed into a triangle and, by using the engines very gently, sidled into closer formation so that our metal sides were enclosing the survivors in the triangle.

I put on a long-focus lens and began filming the swimmers. Through the viewfinder I saw an unbelievable sight. Three Japanese were clinging to a long spar, looking over their shoulders as we edged in closer. As we drew nearer, one of them struggled along the spar, half clinging, half swimming, until he reached his companions. Then, one by one, he drowned them by holding their heads under the water.

This done, he tried to drown himself, but could not keep under long enough. As he tried the third time, a shark cut through the water and dragged him down. A little later, his corpse appeared and drifted away.

I wound the camera and put in a new magazine. I'd used nearly two hundred feet of film on this one incredible shot. The Japanese were committing suicide as fast as they could. Some were too exhausted, and we managed to get ropes round them and pull them, half drowned, aboard.

Even as the British sailors pulled them aboard they tried to cut their throats. One Japanese, who must have

"...and one for the HOME!"



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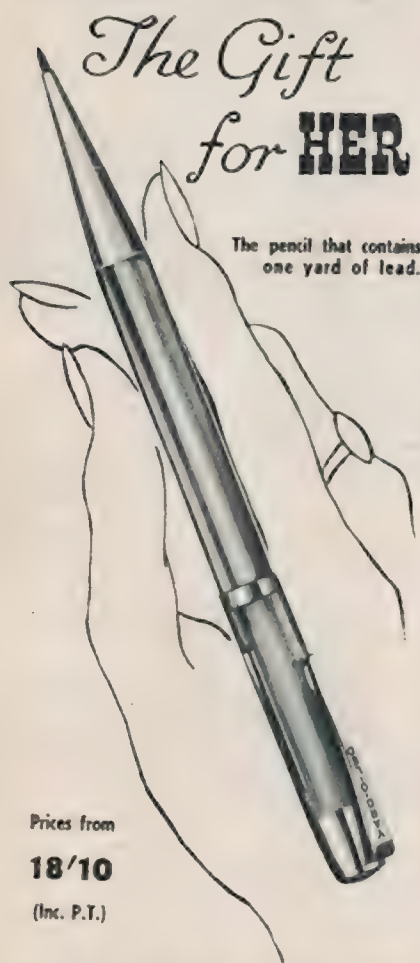
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"Yes, madam—constructive or destructive?"

been swimming with a knife clamped in his hand, managed to drag a feeble hand across his neck just as we got the rope around him. The salt water cleared the jagged wound, but he died.

No matter in which direction my camera pointed, I saw them going under, either by their own hands or by the strong teeth of the sharks. The ship's doctor made a hospital on one of the mess decks and set to operating wherever necessary. I made some shots of him giving blood transfusions to several survivors, and then he went to his own cabin to operate on a Japanese soldier who had been put there.

The Japanese was a small, muscular man and wore a brief "G" string. His dark brown eyes followed us around the cabin without his head moving. His leg was bleeding and his twisted face told us he was in great pain. As the doctor approached the bunk, the Japanese made a superhuman effort to sit up. He succeeded, and then he tried to speak. He made a sign with his hand.

"He wants a razor," said the doctor, and shook his head.

The Japanese understood the doctor's negative sign, and once again struggled up. He put his hands together and, with one finger acting as a nail file, went through a painful pantomime of nail cleaning.

"He wants a nail file now. For the same reason, I imagine," said the doctor. He ignored the request and went on bandaging the wound. The dressing finished, he trimmed it with his surgical scissors and put them away in the drawer beside the bed. "I've done all I can," said the doctor. "Let's go outside and watch him through the curtain."

When we were gone the Japanese looked at the curtain for a while, then, certain that he was not being watched, he reached for the drawer containing the scissors. He was in great agony in spite of the injection of morphia. Slowly, painfully, he pulled himself up on one elbow, then stretched out a thick, stubby hand towards the drawer.

A Burial At Sea

By an amazing effort he opened it and he drew out the scissors. The doctor took a grip on the curtain ready to pull it aside and dash in. The Japanese lifted the scissors towards his throat—but fell back, dead.

Later, he was given a traditional burial at sea. Would the Emperor ever know that until the last he had tried to die with honour?

Some of the Japanese survived, and we took them to Ceylon. The ship's doctor and orderlies looked after them as well as they would have done their own men. I went back to India to dispatch this extraordinary story.

With Rangoon again in Allied hands and the Japanese slowly pulling back, all eyes were turned to Malaya and Singapore. Would we be able to strike across the lengthy peninsula and cut

the Japanese off, or would we have to fight every yard of the way?

Mountbatten decided on sea-borne landings, and soon had an invasion fleet assembled. The main target was Singapore, with two additional landings; one on Penang, the island off the Malayan coast, the other on the coast itself south of Port Swettenham.

Press correspondents were given a choice of all three landings. The Penang attack was expected to go in first—that was a news angle. And the newly arrived correspondents from Europe chose to accompany it. The old-timers in the East sat tight. They knew the difficulties of getting stories transmitted from remote places in the Burma war. I, too, had lost film stories between Burma and India, as they had lost copy.

The Unfinished Game

We chose the landing in Singapore harbour. It might be the toughest of the three, but if the landing were successful, not only would it be the biggest story, but Singapore would be the best transmission centre.

Feeling smug that we had out-thought our colleagues from Europe, we boarded our invasion ship. We sat on the deck playing poker, a school of five. Noel Monks was dealing; he gave me three Queens and two odd cards. I drew two more—a Queen and a Jack. Four Queens! It was the best hand I'd had since we started playing.

We were playing Jackpots, so Jim Manning opened the betting. I raised and sat back to make the killing. Over Manning's shoulder, I saw another public relations officer running along the deck.

"The Japs have surrendered!" he shouted. "They want an armistice!"

Everybody threw their hands down and bombarded him with questions. Poker was forgotten. I looked at their hands. Manning had a full house—aces on top of sevens. Monks had four tens. The others had the rags. The Japanese had lost me a good hand, so I picked up the stake money and joined in the mêlée of newsmen who were heatedly arguing about the truth of the announcement.

"One thing's clear," said Noel Monks. "We have got to get off this ship."

"Sorry," said the P.R. officer. "Nobody is allowed off the ship. That's part of the invasion drill, and you know it."

We rushed to the captain. He was a nice chap, but he said "No."

"But the Japs are surrendering, maybe," implored Monks. "This is the biggest story ever." The captain smiled and said "No" again. Our happiness faded. Here was the climax to the Japanese war and we were sunbathing on a troop ship in the middle of the Rangoon river.

"They can't treat us like this," moaned Noel Monks. "We're accredited correspondents."

But they could and they did, and we

were still on board when the convoy set sail for Singapore. The invasion was to go ahead as planned; if the Japanese had surrendered then the troops of the Fourteenth Army would occupy Singapore. If they resisted, well, we could occupy Singapore anyway.

The convoy halted just outside Singapore. Since sailing, the situation had changed. The atomic bomb news was right and the Japanese were surrendering. Yet nobody on board really believed this startling news—until we heard that the Japanese had gone out to H.M.S. Sussex to sign their formal surrender.

Once again our panic started. We must get to the Sussex. But it was no use. I was scooped inside out, beaten by John Turner of Gaumont-British Newsreel, who was on board the Sussex.

He filmed the Japanese steaming out in their boats, climbing up the gang-plank, and signing their surrender at tables on the open deck. It was a great triumph for Turner. He had got the shots exclusive, with four other cameramen shipbound less than a mile away.

Suspected Treachery

Next morning at dawn we prepared to take Singapore. Even at the last moment, we suspected treachery, and the troops were warned to be prepared for resistance.

I went with the Dogras, a North Indian people with aristocratic faces and long bobbed hair. They sat silently in the landing-craft, thirty-two of them, firmly grasping their rifles and small arms, seemingly disinterested in the whole affair. I was happy to be with them. If they went down, they would go fighting.

A torch flashed and we swished away from the parent ship and headed for Singapore. The newsreel shots were eerie in that half light of the morning. Everything was in shadow or silhouette. Only the Dogras' fine faces could be seen in detail.

Our craft hit the quay wall. We jumped ashore with heads down, the Dogras fanning out to make a small beach-head. I dived for the foot of a huge crane, hoping its bulk would protect me from Japanese bullets. I made a shot of the Dogras advancing through the docks, then lay there awaiting developments. I was very frightened.

"Ronnie?" a voice called. I thought I was dreaming. "Ronnie?" it repeated. "I've got transport for you over here!"

I looked up in a daze. There stood a major of the public relations service. Behind him a fleet of saloon cars. Each one bore a label on which was the word PRESS. "You chaps are always accusing us of being late, so we dropped in by parachute last night to get things organized for you," he smiled. Feeling very stupid I stood up and followed him.

Streets Were Empty

We took one of his cars into the centre of the city, where Japanese guards were still patrolling the bridges and the Japanese-occupied buildings. Apart from them the streets were empty. I could see no sign of our own troops. Rather timidly, I made close-ups of the Japanese sentries, hoping they had heard the news. They looked rather angry, but did no more than turn their backs on the camera.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! I heard four reports behind me and dropped to the ground, cursing myself for coming so far ahead of the troops without even a revolver. I lay with face pressed to the ground, my eyes searching for cover. The worst had happened. The Japanese were resisting.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! I pressed lower, then heard a lot of quiet giggling. I looked up. There stood a hundred or so Chinese men and women smiling and waving Union Jacks and Chinese flags. In their hands were their famous fire-crackers, which they lit and threw in the air with loud explosions.

Shame-faced, I got to my feet and then I filmed the best comparison shots I have ever made. First the streets were empty, except for the Japanese

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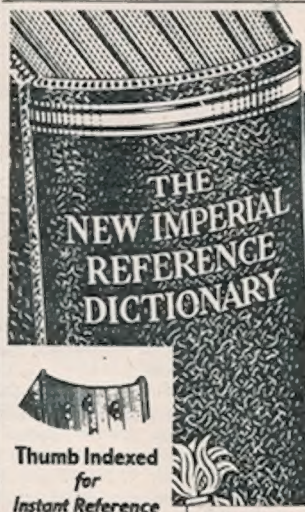
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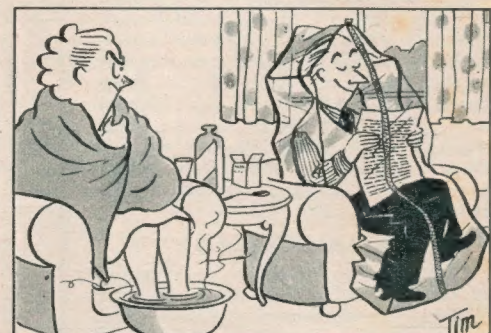
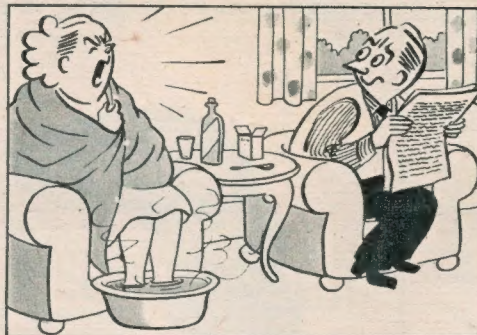


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OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



sentries patrolling, then the Chinese and Malays surged into the streets in their thousands. This was the moment they had waited for. They rushed at us, throwing their infernal fire-crackers as they ran. The streets were empty: the streets were full—in half a minute of film.

Leaving this excited scene we made for Changi Jail. Our prisoners were there, and here again was the chance of another scoop. But all sense of exhilaration disappeared on seeing these skeletons that once were our soldiers.

They were mostly tall, thin Australians, walking about trying to smile at their liberation. But there was no smile left. It seemed that their facial muscles had long lost the ability to allow the gaunt faces to relax. The skin was stretched too tight over their starved cheekbones; a smile would have torn the skin away like dry parchment from behind the ears. How they kept alive is a miracle. Yet somehow they held on to an incentive for living. . . .

Silver Dance Floor

In striking contrast were the scenes I filmed some weeks later in Indo-China. I had flown to Pnompenh to film the *Fêtes des Eaux* — Cambodia's "Boat Race." The Cambodian capital was somewhat like a musical comedy film set. Everything was flamboyant, yet it was scruffy. The palace, with its twisted eaves, the silver dance floor and the fifty beautiful dancing girls. The future queen's throne, with a six-inch nail holding a broken piece of woodwork back in its place. The fifteen-course dinners in Chinese restaurants, the waitresses bowing as they served, then spitting on the floor. All this and the boat race was Pnompenh.

The King of Cambodia's aide-de-camp spoke no English. His French was not good, either. But the dinner he laid on for the visiting press was astonishing. We sat down to dine at mid-day. At 4 p.m., the stoics among us were still tucking it away. I had arrived at my sweet three times, and just as the meal seemed over, in came yet another dish of rice and we started all over again.

The Chinese waitresses, frequently using hot towels and bathing foreheads and wrists, kept some of us in the fight for several rounds, but the succulent dish of roast sucking pig was the end. We sat back uncomfortably, distended and sleepy. The restaurant owner came to the table and whispered to the A.D.C., who referred him to me. "M'sieu!" he said. "Vous parlez Français, je crois?"

"Oui, m'sieu," I replied.
"Voulez vous dire aux officiers Anglais, ça va de toucher les filles."
"Je ne comprend pas, m'sieu."
He called over a waitress and with

forefinger and thumb pinched her. "Allez, allez. Dites vous aux officiers Anglais, c'est permis," he said to me.

"Gentlemen," I said gravely, standing up. "The gentleman who owns the restaurant wishes you to know that it is permitted to pinch the serving girls!"

As one man, our party stood up, bowed, and in chorus said: "We thank you very much," and sat down.

Cambodia's boat race had little in common with its university counterpart in Britain. The race is a form of thanksgiving ceremony, performed at a time when the flood waters are subsiding, and the Cambodians know that the land is safe for another year and a good crop is guaranteed.

King Norodin, the handsome, effeminate-looking King of Cambodia, walked on to the dais which overlooked the river. A six-piece orchestra squatted on the matting playing dulcimer-like music as the priests anointed the king and then placed small green leaves behind his ears. They were the symbol of prosperity.

The king sat down with his special guests, and the parade began. Huge canoe-like boats, with as many as forty paddlers, swept past the dais. Each one represented a village of Cambodia. Standing amidstships, dancing and chanting, was the village chief. One of the crew beat a tom-tom which gave the paddlers their rhythm and the chief a tempo for his swaying dance.

When the parade was over, the racing began. I never did find out who won, but the scene made a fine film as the long craft sped down the river at forty miles an hour and more, powerfully propelled by forty paddles which slapped the water in time to the drum.

Candle-light Parade

As daylight receded, each boat was lit up with candles and oil lamps, and they formed up for another mass parade. I made the fade-out shot as the sun sank behind the water, and was about to put the camera away when along came three R.A.F. chaps. I took a shot of them and asked them what they thought about it all.

"Just like Southend," said one. "Not such good illuminations, though," and they walked away.

Three days later, after a flight through the monsoon, I boarded a troopship. The war was really over. We were going home.

"I won't really believe it's over until we get home and get some peace," said a corporal, stretching out under a lifeboat.

"We'll never get it as peaceful as this again," replied a wise old soldier, looking across the Mediterranean.

He was right.

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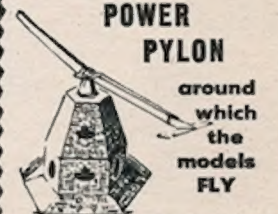
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Who says a taste of luscious Strawberries . . . or Chocolate . . . Coffee . . . Vanilla! Enjoy them all in Wall's Ice Cream. A real taste of sunshine to brighten grey winter days! Ring the changes with colour and flavour—see what a gay lift Wall's gives to winter meals. You have such a variety of real flavours to choose from, so many ways of serving them. Take home some Wall's and put variety on your table.



Family Bricks 1/6d.
Wall's Popular Special 1/- (Vanilla)
Tubs 6d. (Vanilla, Strawberry and Vanilla)
Brickettes: Strawberry and Vanilla 4d.;
Vanilla 3d. Choc Bars: Milk 6d.; Plain 4d.
N.B. Wrapped in a newspaper before you leave
the shop, Wall's stays firm 2-3 hours.

AND FROM
TIME TO TIME

"Specials"

EACH FOR A
LIMITED PERIOD

NOW!



BUTTERSCOTCH

COMING SOON!



CHERRY PIE

COMING LATER!



NUT CRUNCH

AVAILABLE IN FAMILY BRICKS 1/6^d



AND TUBS 6^d

